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THE adjective one hears most frequently applied to Mr. Snowden's budget is that it is "makeshift." The pleasantest comments upon it came from Mr. Churchill, who was inhibited from destructive criticism by the fact that the budget is so closely in his own tradition. He could say nothing worse than that Mr. Snowden, in treading on the income-tax payers' toes, was rushing in where he himself had feared to tread. As to the robbing of the dollar reserve hen-roost, he remarked that Mr. Snowden's action "strips him of the last vestige of financial orthodoxy"—which is all very amusing and good Parliamentary banter. But it does not disguise the fact that Mr. Snowden has avoided criticism by refusing to do anything except take shelter under a Winstonian tree in the oddly optimistic hope that the clouds will soon roll by. The real battle of the budget will be fought on the land tax, which the Lords, thanks to the ingenious expedient of including the necessary machinery in this year's budget will be prevented from contesting. This is Mr. Snowden's one real innovation.

Mr. Baldwin, in a speech delivered this Tuesday, promised an emergency tariff as the first act of an incoming Conservative Government. He was obliging enough to promise that there would be no taxes on raw cotton or wool entering the country (who ever suggested that there should?), but otherwise he left the nature of his project in carefully preserved obscurity. He did not even tell us whether the Conservative Party has really promised to tax imported wheat, or whether there would be taxes on imported textile manufactures. Mr. Baldwin's tariff would, of course, be primarily for protection and not for revenue; and Mr. Snowden's emphatic declaration seems to dispose of the possibility of any revenue tariff proposal from the Labour side.

* * *

The country is thus back again at the familiar alternatives of Safeguarding and Free Trade; and the only change is that the Conservatives now evidently mean to apply Safeguarding over a wider field than before. They would presumably tax imported steel; and their intention to do this is likely to stiffen the backs of the steel employers against any plan of reorganisation which involves the cutting of losses already incurred. From a tactical point of view, Mr. Baldwin is doubtless right not to make his tariff proposals precise; but their lack of precision, while it may be good

electioneering, is certainly bad for industry. For steel is not the only trade that is inclined to muddle along in hope of a tariff, instead of starting to reorganise.

* * *

The general anxiety about India was voiced in the House of Lords on Wednesday by Liberal as well as Conservative speakers. Lord Peel wanted reassurance from the Government on a number of points—the plans for the Round Table Conference, the attitude of the Princes, the communal question, the cloth boycott. Lord Reading concentrated on the safeguards and reservations laid down in London last January, about which, he declared, there must be no ghost of a doubt in anybody's mind. Lord Snell made it clear that the Government intended to stand firm on these. For the rest he was hopeful, though on two matters he obviously could not satisfy his questioners. The Hindu-Moslem controversy is nowhere near a settlement, and it is of little use to pretend that Mr. Gandhi has the power to settle it. As to the boycott, we may hope and believe that the Irwin-Gandhi agreement will promote better commercial relations in general. But it has not done much as yet to dissipate the gloom of Lancashire. That, however, is not a good reason for opposing Indian self-government. Indian self-government is pretty certain, little as we may like the prospect, to mean economic nationalism, and if Lancashire is not hit by a boycott it will be hit by a tariff. Of the two evils the tariff is evidently the lesser, and the cotton manufacturers must pin their hopes on the Round Table and not on Mr. Churchill and the Die-hards.

* * *

The Australian Government has got through the House of Representatives its Bill providing for the shipment to London of gold now held as part of the Commonwealth currency reserve. If this is done, Australia will be the first country to recognise explicitly that a gold reserve against currency serves no useful purpose, provided that the note issue is limited in accordance with sound principles of management. Only a few years ago, most bankers and financiers would have been aghast at such a doctrine; but now there will be few to dispute its theoretical soundness, though many may doubt its practical expediency. It is the case that, under modern conditions of virtually inconvertible paper money, a gold reserve held against the note issue, and inapplicable to any other purpose, is absolutely useless save as an ultimate reserve to be raided in emergency. The Australian currency will be no weaker for the loss of the gold which it is proposed to export; for it will be neither more nor less easy to inflate the fiduciary issue now than it was when the gold was there. It is true that, having shipped £5,000,000 of gold in order to meet her obligations in London, Australia will have so much less to ship in order to meet a future emergency. But there is no reason why the Australian currency should depreciate merely because its gold backing is removed; and therein lies a lesson which the rest of the world will probably not be slow to learn.

* * *

The Republican Government in Spain is working smoothly and cautiously—too cautiously for some of its critics on the Left, who want quick as well as big results from the revolution. Ministers are probably wise not to force the pace, but to consolidate the position pending the elections for the Cortes in June. They have made a provisional settlement in Barcelona, which, if it is confirmed, will give Catalonia a sort of "Dominion status." They have taken steps towards reducing the excessive number of officers in the Army (there are nearly 800 generals on the active list). By way of prelude to the squaring of accounts with the Church, they have proclaimed complete religious liberty and made "church parades" for the Army voluntary. They have arrested and imprisoned General Berenguer, the late Dictator (who had given himself up last week and was at large on parole), and certain other officers. Presumably these will be put on trial presently on charges of illegal and unconstitutional actions. To the demand for bringing Don Alfonso to justice they demur—and not unreasonably, for, whatever may have been the faults or crimes of the ex-king, there can be no practical advantage in arraigning him in Madrid while he sits in Belgium or France, and, indeed, it might have the effect of producing some reaction. The Spaniards, in any case, cannot afford to waste the energies which they will have to devote to serious problems such as the constitution, the Church, and the peseta.

* * *

Negotiations for the abolition of extra-territorial rights in China are in an advanced stage, and we are told that a settlement is now within sight. Meanwhile the Chinese Republic is not making very rapid progress in putting its own house in order. There is peace—of a sort. Rival generals with their little armies are squatting about the provinces. Banditry is rife. In some districts the peasants are paying tribute to robbers, in others they have expropriated their landlords. Chiang Kai-shek carries on his government by drastic methods, which can perhaps be defended on the maxim, *Salus republicæ suprema lex*. Economic improvement is, of course, bound to be slow. But there are active and well-informed friends of China who believe that, unless something constructive is done soon, the Nationalist State will dissolve in a mass of futile Communistic excesses. The elimination of militarism is imperative. Employment for disbanded soldiers is necessary. That means public works, and public works mean large funds from abroad, and funds from abroad mean the rehabilitation of Chinese credit—which is not easy, with foreign bankers as ultra-cautious as they are about China. Professor Paul Monroe, of Columbia University, has propounded an ingenious scheme for the advance of funds and materials by Germany, as a means of enabling her to pay her war debts. He has submitted this to the State Department at Washington and discussed it with the Nanking Government. Whether it is a feasible scheme, we do not pretend to know. But it seems plain that somehow or other China must get foreign help, in other peoples' interest as well as her own.

* * *

The Prince of Wales's visit to the Argentine has had admirable results. More than 1,500,000 people visited

the British Empire Trade Exhibition, inaugurated by the Prince at Buenos Aires, and estimates of the volume of orders directly attributable to this venture reach a figure of many millions of pounds. From the point of view of British trade, Buenos Aires occupies a key position. We take over a quarter of the Argentine's exports, including foodstuffs to an annual value of over £60,000,000. To maintain this flow of imports we must continue to find markets for our textiles, electrical goods and machinery. The limelight which—thanks to the Princes' visit—has played upon Buenos Aires has thrown two facts into strong relief. One is the wealth of unexploited opportunity which still awaits the attention of our export trades. The other is the silliness of the parrot cry of "Empire Free Trade." The job of our exporters is to seek out our natural markets and to find out how to satisfy their needs, and the Buenos Aires enterprise has given them an excellent lead.

* * *

The international Conference on African Children which is to take place next June in Geneva provides a remarkable proof that the white nations are beginning to admit the harm, as well as to boast of the good, that has resulted from their penetration into Africa. Over large areas of Africa the population is decreasing as a direct result of contact with civilisation. The infant mortality—which reaches shocking figures—and the declining birth-rate are indisputably due in the main to the introduction of white diseases. Syphilis is the worst: tuberculosis and influenza are among the other advantages conferred by white civilisation. Concentration of men in labour camps involves a relaxation of tribal discipline and new conditions of life which favour the spread of every and any disease. The Conference, which has been arranged by the Save the Children International Union, is proceeding on the basis of information gathered from African experts of various nationalities, and the programme will include discussions opened by first-rate authorities, not only on the medical and pathological side, but also from the social and, above all, the educational point of view. It should be an unusual opportunity to learn about Africa.

* * *

It is announced that the Macmillan Committee on banking and finance has at length agreed or agreed to disagree about its report. It will be published in the near future. Whatever the report may say, this is good news; for as long as the Committee was in session, all inconvenient questions about financial policy could be effectively met with the statement that nothing could be done about them until the Macmillan Committee had expounded its views. A lively controversy is likely to follow the publication of the report, or reports (for, though we know that the Committee has been working hard and drafting and redrafting, we do not know whether it is unanimous). There are the widest possible divergences of view about the part which finance has had in causing the troubles of British industry in recent years; and every financial reformer, or crank, as well as every defender of things as they are, is certain to uplift his voice in blame or praise of the Committee. It is stated that the report will propose no startling new departures from our traditional banking and financial methods. If this is so, and there is an agreed report, certain members of the Committee must have greatly changed their views. We find it hard to believe that they have all come to an agreement; but, whether or no, there will certainly be heat among the outside critics when the report appears. Let us hope there will be light as well.

The publication of the Weir Report on electrification of main line railways follows hard upon the proposal of the Labour side of the National Railway Wages Board that the railway service should be brought under public ownership and control. Railway electrification, if it comes about, will be in the first instance a costly business; and we doubt if it is likely ever to be carried into effect until the railways are publicly owned. The necessary capital could hardly be raised by the railways under their present ownership, unless the State were prepared to guarantee the interest; and the State could hardly give guarantees without assuming full control over the operation of the railways. The Weir Report, therefore, brings railway nationalisation appreciably nearer. When it comes, however, it is likely to take the form, not of handing them over to a Civil Service department, but of constituting for their management some sort of public service corporation on the lines of the Central Electricity Board and of Mr. Morrison's existing proposals for the co-ordination of the London transport services. We have not enough technical knowledge to pass judgment on the soundness of the Weir proposals; but presumably electrification, in some form and in some degree, is bound to come, and with it socialisation in some shape is bound to come as well.

* * *

The Foundling site is not yet lost, though the option expired last Thursday. The 10,000 children who now use the site as a playground have notice to quit on June 13th—which leaves only another six weeks, and now a precarious six weeks—to find the money. Several substantial sums have recently come in. The Thomas Wall Educational Trust have sent £5,000, the Whitaker Trust £1,000, and there have been a number of anonymous £100's. But there is a long way to go. If only public authorities would act more quickly! The local Councils are all urgent that the site must be saved and the L.C.C. is not unsympathetic. Will they move in time? This is an educational question if ever anything was. Playgrounds and nursery schools, and, as the alternative the streets—every day more crowded and wickedly dangerous for children. As for the site, if the appeal fails—which really seems probable to-day—two roads, we understand, are scheduled to go through it, the fine trees will presumably come down and commercial buildings will go up. It is an unbearable prospect. But there is still time.

* * *

Lord Darling raised a matter of exceptional interest and difficulty when he brought up in the House of Lords the whole problem of newspapers and crime. His attack was directed only to the baser organs of the press which recently made such nauseating copy out of the wretched Rouse, his wife and his mistresses. As we point out in an article to-day commenting on a case which seems even more disquieting than that of Rouse, there is evidently need for some restriction on the publication of prejudicial matter which may be introduced when the case is before the magistrates, very likely abandoned at the trial itself. Lord Darling favours the total exclusion of reporters from the police court in sensational cases. The Lord Chancellor was not prepared to go quite so far, and pointed out that publicity may have its value in the prevention as well as the detection of crime. He preferred to rely on the power of the judges to deal with cases of contempt and promised that newspaper articles such as those referred to in the Rouse case should in future be brought before the Court. That is in itself a welcome assurance which should have a beneficial effect. But there is urgent need of reconsideration and definition of what constitutes "contempt."

MR. SNOWDEN—OPTIMIST

MR. SNOWDEN'S Budget is confessedly a makeshift, designed rather to tide over an awkward year than to solve any of the real and recurrent problems of our national finance. Mr. Snowden is, of course, fully conscious of its character. He seeks to justify what he is doing only on grounds of national emergency, authorising expedients of which, under more normal conditions, he would be the first to disapprove. Admittedly, he has had to face a very difficult situation; the emergency does exist. But Mr. Snowden has based his Budget on the assumption that it is a passing emergency, and even that things will be already on the mend during the current financial year. His speech showed an optimism about the future course of trade for which we can find no sufficient warrant in the facts and tendencies of to-day, as well as an ominous faith in the efficacy of the Economy Committee and the Unemployment Insurance Commission as instruments for the reduction of expenditure. He has budgeted for a small surplus, over and above the contractual sinking funds; but if, as we are inclined to suspect, he has overestimated revenue and under-estimated expenditure, a substantial deficit seems to be likely, despite the anticipation of at least £10,000,000 of revenue by means of the change in the method of collecting the income tax.

Worse still, the Budget statement is not a complete account of our national expenditure. When Mr. Snowden congratulated himself and the House of Commons on their success in reducing the National Debt last financial year, he totally ignored the heavy borrowings on behalf of the Unemployment Insurance Fund—which, of course, do not figure in the Budget. We applied £52,000,000 to debt reduction last year, Mr. Snowden told the world. Yes; but the Unemployment Insurance Fund borrowed £36,000,000. We shall be applying £57,000,000 this year, if present estimates of income and expenditure work out right. Yes; but how much will the Unemployment Insurance Fund need to borrow—whatever the Royal Commission may report?

Be it clear that we are not at all quarrelling with Mr. Snowden for failing to make a larger real appropriation for the repayment of debt. We are only asking for rather more candour in stating the real situation. The Sinking Fund was largely suspended in fact last year, and it is likely to be almost completely suspended for 1931-2. That, we think, is quite as it should be. But why make vain pretences about it? If there were any real Sinking Fund to suspend, Mr. Snowden's problem would have been far easier than it actually was. He could not raid the Fund, because it did not exist. He had, therefore, to bridge the gap between revenue and expenditure by other means.

For the current year, even after reckoning expenditure at what seems to us a very low figure, in face of the volume of unemployment and the need for constructive measures to promote economic recovery, Mr. Snowden had to face an estimated deficit of £37,500,000. He reckons to get £7,500,000 of this by raising the tax on petrol—to which, in the circumstances, few people are likely to object. That is his sole venture—apart from the land tax, which will not affect the current year—into new taxation. The rest is got by withdrawing £20,000,000 from the dollar reserve in New York—an expedient justifiable, though not without danger in view of the economic condition of Germany—and by forestalling next year's income tax to the tune of £10,000,000 or more.

This forestalling will undoubtedly prove hard on certain particular classes of taxpayers; and we are strongly of opinion that the £10,000,000 could have been raised more equitably and less burdensomely in other ways, by special taxation on luxury expenditure, for example, or even by raising the rates of duty on beer and tobacco. There might have been, even so, a case for it if the country were facing a purely passing emergency, so that the taxpayers in question could rely on getting back to the old position next year, and would be merely advancing the sums in question without interest for a few months. But Mr. Snowden said explicitly that next year's revenue would not be affected, because the system would continue in force. If it is to continue indefinitely, it really amounts to a special excess levy of 25 per cent. on certain classes of income, especially salaries and the profits of one-man or family businesses. Is such a levy inequitable?

Our chief quarrel with Mr. Snowden is, however, that he has postponed his main difficulties to next year, and failed to look for methods of raising money in ways which will react, not on industry, but on luxurious expenditure and *rentier* incomes. In our Budget forecast a few weeks ago we suggested a number of possible ways in which luxuries might have been taxed; and we remain unconvinced that there is no way in which the community can draw back to itself a part of the inflated revenue that is passing to the *rentier* class as prices fall. Mr. Snowden did, indeed, express the hope that large-scale conversion operations would become possible during the current year. But we have heard that tale before, and we find it difficult to reconcile with his optimism about the future course of trade. Conversion may become possible—we hope it will; but it will leave untouched the greater part of the gain which has passed to the *rentiers*, and even make harder for the future any drastic dealing with the debt problem as a whole.

Moreover, the 1931 Budget is an evident indication that the traditional policy of the Treasury is still supreme, and that the country is under orders to wait for trade to recover, and to economise in expenditure until it does, rather than to take any large positive steps for the promotion of a revival. There are to be no large measures of national development, no great housing schemes, no big constructive effort to set the unemployed to work. We are to stagger on, waiting for recovery to come to us from the world outside. Mr. Snowden thinks that it will come soon. We are far less sure, either that the world slump is nearing its end or that its ending will cure our troubles.

Mr. Snowden doubtless consoles himself for the timidity of the rest of his Budget by his courage in proposing to tax land values in two or three years' time. We are strongly in favour of such a tax; but we are unable to accept it as a sufficient infusion of

radicalism to meet the needs of the present situation. We agree with the Chancellor that there is nothing desperate about the country's financial plight, even if the depression lasts a good deal longer than he seems to expect. We do not agree with his implied assumption that the limits of taxation have been reached, or agree that it was wise to go so far in postponing difficulties for another year. Above all, we are alarmed at his apparent confidence that present expenditure on the unemployed and other vital services can be reduced, and the savings applied to debt reduction rather than to fresh measures of social and economic development. For, in view of the policy which he has adopted, he will be in a position to maintain more strongly next year than this that the country cannot afford such measures, whereas we think it can and should.

AN ALARMING VERDICT

WILLIAM WALLACE, a respectable insurance agent, was sentenced to death at the Liverpool Assizes last Saturday for the murder of his wife, with whom he had apparently lived on the best of terms for the last eighteen years. The case has not received much attention outside Liverpool, but we believe that it is really far more disquieting than the Rouse case, about which everyone felt misgivings. If the *Law Journal* could say about the Rouse verdict that " there was so obvious a doubt that he should have been acquitted," what are we to say about a verdict of guilty in a case in which the Judge (Mr. Justice Wright) said in his summing up to the jury that the crime was such that " not a trace, as far as he could see, remained which would point to anyone as the murderer "?

The facts, very briefly, are as follows. Wallace was an enthusiastic chess player, and on the evening before the crime, was announced to compete in a local chess championship in a Liverpool café. Just before he arrived at the café where his chess club was accustomed to meet, a telephone message was received asking him to call on business at an unfamiliar address three miles from his home on the following evening.

On the night of the crime, at 6.45 p.m., Wallace left home for a district three miles distant to keep this appointment, which, however, proved to be a bogus one, there being no such road in Liverpool. Mrs. Wallace was last seen alive at 6.30 p.m. by a milk boy who called at the house, and who first gave the time as between 6.30 and 6.45 p.m. Wallace returned home at 8.40 p.m. to find his wife brutally murdered.

The testimony of many witnesses who saw Wallace during his journey makes it certain that he could not have returned home or committed the murder between 6.45 and 8.40. The whole case for the prosecution was based upon the theory, which there was no positive evidence to support, that Wallace made the bogus appointment himself, as an alibi. Much was made of the fact that the telephone message was sent from a call-box 400 yards from the accused man's home. If the crime were committed by someone acquainted with Wallace's movements, however, who wished to get him out of the way, or to incriminate him, what is more natural than that he should have been in the neighbourhood? Wallace, as we have said, was an insurance agent, and the crime was committed on Tuesday night, which was the one night in each week when Wallace was most likely to have money in the house, amounting to sums of £30 to £100. There was, therefore, a clear motive for others to have committed the crime; there was no apparent reason why Wallace should have done so, and the prosecution did not attempt to suggest one.

Moreover, within the fifteen minutes which, even according to the prosecution's theory, was the maximum time available, it would have been almost physically impossible for Wallace to have both committed the crime and removed every trace connecting him with it.

A number of serious doubts at once arise. Though we cannot say whether Wallace is innocent or not, we certainly are no more satisfied than Mr. Justice Wright that his guilt was proved last Saturday. We know that our misgivings are shared by many who were present during the proceedings. The correspondence columns of the Liverpool Press have borne witness to the alarm and astonishment which the verdict provoked in impartial citizens who attended the trial. And we admit that juries, in cases where the crime is exceptionally brutal (as in the present case) or where there is something disreputable about the character of the accused (as in the Rouse case), are too ready to jump to conclusions which the weight of the evidence alone does not warrant. In both these trials, it is clear, local opinion was stirred by the reports of the proceedings before the justices, where, in each case, evidence was tendered or statements were made against the accused person which were not maintained at the trial, but which were certainly known to the members of the jury. Some limitation of the reports of the preliminary proceedings before the justices in such cases would appear to be an urgently needed reform.

Finally, we should feel less disturbed about the reliability and reputation of British justice in these and other cases had the Court of Criminal Appeal not taken such a narrow view of its own powers and repeatedly refused to review the evidence at the trial with a view to determining whether the verdict could reasonably be said to be in accordance with the facts. Our legislators, when they set up the Court of Criminal Appeal in 1907, clearly did not desire to establish a tribunal with such limited powers. As it stands, the Court of Appeal is, we fear, frequently regarded by the general public as a much greater safeguard against a miscarriage of justice than it actually is.

THE THREAT TO GERMAN CULTURE

THE foreigner who revisits Germany to-day cannot help detecting signs of the change that has come over one aspect of national life since the stabilisation of the currency in 1924. The post-war distress which reached its peak at the time of the highest inflation was primarily physical, and people sought relief from it in all sorts of spiritual adventures, from the religious to the cultural. The Youth Movement tended to be pacifist and non-political; education was pursued with passion though school-children went ill-fed and ill-clad; the middle class starved all day in their unheated rooms, but at night filled the opera and the playhouse. The wife of an ex-Minister in Berlin said to me in October, 1923, " When people can get a seat at the opera for less than the price of a loaf of bread, naturally they go hungry and buy a ticket for the opera." It was part of the general madness of that period—or was it the one touch of sanity in a mad world?—that while the price of bread soared upwards the price of opera tickets remained unchanged.

German people, the mass of them, go hungry enough to-day; for neither wages nor " doles " are high enough to enable workpeople to live at more than a bare subsistence level, while the vast army of Government officials have had

six per cent. of their salaries cut since February 1st. As yet the effect of this new economic strain is not tragically obvious in the outward appearance of the people, as it was in the early 'twenties, though social and welfare experts say that a year at the present rate of living will bring the average physical standard down to the worst post-war level: But what is always obvious is the threat to German culture which is involved, on the one hand, in the need for economy in all State aids to education, and on the other hand in the inability of the middle class to continue to support the arts. Large numbers of the latter still go hungry because they cannot afford to buy enough bread even at the lowered prices of to-day; but they cannot afford to buy pictures or books or theatre tickets at all, for these now cost much more than bread.

They also cost more than in pre-war days. "You could see the best performance of *The Ring* in the world for six marks before the war; you have to pay twice as much now," I was told in Dresden; and so the Dresden Opera House, in spite of a Wagner renaissance which is rather surprising some people, is only half-filled. The subsidies which used to make the management independent of popular support in the Opera House and Stadt-Theater of many a town throughout Germany have been drastically cut down; the towns, mostly on the verge of bankruptcy, cannot contribute their usual grants, and private patrons have almost ceased to exist. The wonder is that any of these playhouses remain open at all; but the struggle to maintain them goes on because in Germany, as they say, the opera and the municipal theatre are there as much for "Bildung" as for recreation; they are part of the national system of education, and some measure of the repertory standard exacted can be gathered from a complaint I heard made in all seriousness—"Why, they are now so poor that they sometimes have to give the same play three or four times in one week!"

The new economies are even more lamented in the schools and universities, for under a Socialist Government many developments in education were initiated after the Revolution which now have to be abandoned or at best severely restricted. Government support, for instance, has been largely withdrawn from the excellent adult education scheme of the Volkschochschule (something between the W.E.A. and University Extension Leeture courses), while the age limit in the new compulsory vocational schools (Berufschule), for boys and girls who go to work at fourteen, has been reduced from eighteen to sixteen—a particularly regrettable economy, for these schools are the beginning in Germany of a system of continued education for the child whose parents cannot afford to send him to a secondary school. A more ordinary economy—though not so ordinary in German as in English eyes—is the discharge of many young and not yet fully qualified teachers, made possible by increasing the legal size of classes from a limit of thirty to one of fifty pupils in the elementary schools.

The attempt, however, from similar motives, to lower the secondary school age from nineteen to eighteen is being warmly contested by many educationists, who contend that this last year is really the vital one from the point of view of culture as distinguished from mere learning. A nation that attaches so much importance to these subtler graces of the mind may be expected to be more concerned over retrenchment in the Universities, which involves a reduction in the number of professorships, an increase in the hours of the lecturers, economy in the laboratory apparatus, and so on, than over the similar use of the "axe" where the equipment of elementary schools is in question. Yet sympathy with the broader point of view of the Education Minister who told me these things—and whose enthusiasm for our Fisher Act was tempered by his sly reminder that it exists only on paper—did not blind one to the fact that in many of the German industrial towns where half the parents may be unemployed, the reduction in the State grant for equipping the children in the elementary schools with books and pencils, when they are too poor to buy them, means that in the coming school year they will have to go without unless somebody is able to be generous. To take a concrete instance—in Magdeburg, where there are some forty-five elementary schools, the official grant for equipment has just been cut down to one-fourth of what it was two years ago, and the parents in many of those schools have no money to spare for children's school pencils.

In England we should not dream of making the parents of our elementary school-children pay for these necessities of their school equipment; but no one will pretend that this is due to a greater national care for education. People who know the two nations will be likely to admit that the Germans, with their admirable secondary school system and their regard for learning and research, must be hard pressed indeed before they begin to retrench in their education budget. Even in the present economic crisis, the worst they have yet had to face, they retain their regard for such things. "The standard of acting is as high as it ever was," said my Dresden informant, and he added that the best 'cellist in the town had offered to play without a fee at a concert for the sake of getting a chance to play good music to people who wanted to hear it, but could not afford to pay for tickets. In one elementary school in an industrial town, where the unemployment is so universal that in an average class of the school sixty per cent. had unemployed parents—it must be remembered that in Germany all classes have to send their children to the elementary school—while thirty per cent. of them had no bed to sleep in, I saw as perfectly equipped an infants' class-room as I have seen in any model nursery school anywhere, and learned that all the Montessori furniture and toys had been made by the teacher himself with the aid of the children's parents. "If the State cannot help us, we must help ourselves," was all he said about it. The other teachers, struggling with rather less success, perhaps, to maintain high standards against heavy odds, murmured in self-defence that he was neither married nor in love and could therefore devote himself entirely to his class.

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six per cent. of their salaries cut since February 1st. As yet the effect of this new economic strain is not tragically obvious in the outward appearance of the people, as it was in the early 'twenties, though social and welfare experts say that a year at the present rate of living will bring the average physical standard down to the worst post-war level. But what is always obvious is the threat to German culture which is involved, on the one hand, in the need for economy in all State aids to education, and on the other hand in the inability of the middle class to continue to support the arts. Large numbers of the latter still go hungry because they cannot afford to buy enough bread even at the lowered prices of to-day; but they cannot afford to buy pictures or books or theatre tickets at all, for these now cost much more than bread.

They also cost more than in pre-war days. "You could see the best performance of *The Ring* in the world for six marks before the war; you have to pay twice as much now," I was told in Dresden; and so the Dresden Opera House, in spite of a Wagner renaissance which is rather surprising some people, is only half-filled. The subsidies which used to make the management independent of popular support in the Opera House and Stadt-Theater of many a town throughout Germany have been drastically cut down; the towns, mostly on the verge of bankruptcy, cannot contribute their usual grants, and private patrons have almost ceased to exist. The wonder is that any of these playhouses remain open at all; but the struggle to maintain them goes on because in Germany, as they say, the opera and the municipal theatre are there as much for "Bildung" as for recreation; they are part of the national system of education, and some measure of the repertory standard exacted can be gathered from a complaint I heard made in all seriousness—"Why, they are now so poor that they sometimes have to give the same play three or four times in one week!"

The new economies are even more lamented in the schools and universities, for under a Socialist Government many developments in education were initiated after the Revolution which now have to be abandoned or at best severely restricted. Government support, for instance, has been largely withdrawn from the excellent adult education scheme of the Volkschochschule (something between the W.E.A. and University Extension Lecture courses), while the age limit in the new compulsory vocational schools (Berufschule), for boys and girls who go to work at fourteen, has been reduced from eighteen to sixteen—a particularly regrettable economy, for these schools are the beginning in Germany of a system of continued education for the child whose parents cannot afford to send him to a secondary school. A more ordinary economy—though not so ordinary in German as in English eyes—is the discharge of many young and not yet fully qualified teachers, made possible by increasing the legal size of classes from a limit of thirty to one of fifty pupils in the elementary schools.

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hurt the poet's feelings. He left in high dudgeon. After the young people were all gone, Mrs. Barton asked Mabel what made their poet-friend leave so hastily. Mabel knew she was in for a scolding, but she told her mother all about it.

Was Mabel . . . wise—unwise?

These real-life situations are extremely poignant, and, as regards this particular situation, Mabel cannot be held guiltless. On the other hand, there is a bright side to everything. She had rid the house of the second Milton, and everybody, while volubly scolding her, would be blessing her in their souls. It seems to me that she should have resorted to evasion—that she should, for example, without exactly telling a lie, have led her mother to believe that the second Milton had been smoking a cigar that was too strong for him. This would have biased the mother still more strongly against the second Milton, and have drawn the mother and the daughter closer together in sympathy, with the result that the confidential mother-daughter relationship would have been strengthened. The schoolgirls of New York did not think so, however. They voted for the whole truth and a scolding—which means a distressing quarrel between mother and daughter—by a majority of two hundred and seventy-three votes to twenty-eight.

The charming thing about the children is that they seem to have answered all the questions, many of them extremely difficult, quite sincerely. As the author puts it, "they respond freely and, in the main, sincerely, to the questionnaire method. If they exaggerate, it is for us to recognise the earmarks of the mirage of adolescent racing blood." I have not myself a keen enough eye to detect these earmarks in *Concerning Our Girls*. The American, it is obvious, has not inherited from Europe the hampering individualism expressed in the saying: "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies." The Englishman resents questions as an infringement of his liberty. He grinds his teeth at the questions that are asked him in his Income-tax form. He becomes apoplectic when the Census enumerator asks his housemaid how many rooms there are in his house, especially when, like a Wordsworthian child, she scorns the notion that the bathroom is not a room or that the scullery is not a room, and adds a room or two extra out of sheer boastfulness. Let him resign himself, however. The day of questions is only at the dawn. By the time the next Census comes round, we shall undoubtedly have a Ministry of Psychology, eager to tabulate all the facts about human conduct and the human mind that everybody knows already. The citizen will then have to reply in his Census form, not only to questions about his name, age, and occupation, or even the number of rooms in his house, but to such questions as: "If you, as the citizen of a country in which it is illegal to sell lottery tickets, won the Irish Sweep, would you feel it your duty to offer the proceeds to a hospital that you knew had conscientious objections to accepting tainted money?" He may even find himself compelled, under a £50 penalty, to solve such teasers as Life Situation No. 61 in *Concerning Our Girls*:

"Old Smedley was at church to-day and prayed. I really wonder if there is a God when I hear that old hypocrite pray. What does God do about such old guys, I wonder. I didn't say anything to mother this time because she'd be shocked again."

Do you think she was right not to tell? . . . No?—Yes?

There is no escaping from the fact that psychology is the science of the immediate future. Yet there can be no real psychology—statistical and tabulated psychology—while the psychologists are confined in their studies to a small minority of the human race, largely abnormal. What a wealth of knowledge lies within our reach if only our statesmen had the courage to pass a law instituting a universal psychological questionnaire, so that the domestic, social, civic and occupational reactions of every man, woman and child may be marshalled in columns, set forth in tables, and summarised in graphs! When the results are published in volume form, we ought to know as much about human nature almost as Adam.

Y. Y.

A VERY FREE PRESS

RECENTLY a correspondent in your columns drew attention to the humours and drawbacks of a strictly censored Press in Japan. Perhaps, by way of contrast, the results of an absolutely Free Press, under which I once suffered, may not come amiss. It was in Scutari-Albania, immediately after the Young Turk revolution of 1908. There was extraordinary enthusiasm. The air buzzed with Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. In future everyone would do just as he pleased. The more optimistic declared all prisons would be abolished and the reign of Justice begin.

The Press, which had been so severely fettered that it scarcely existed, was let loose. And a rumour spread that Scutari would shortly have a paper of its own, published by a certain Mr. P——.

P—— was a well-known character—a Jew who had turned Moslem. His father had been a pharmacist, possessed, it was said, of medical skill and respected in the town. From him P—— had inherited the pharmacy—now indescribably filthy—and was supposed also to have inherited the knowledge. At any rate he was deemed a skilful veterinary, sold pills and Epsom salts to humans, and was a noted linguist.

Late one evening there came a knocking at my outer gate, and I was told Mr. P—— and a lady had called on business. In came P——. He wore neither shirt nor socks, but, as he had previously explained to me that he preferred this form of attire, I was not surprised. He was followed by a draggled and melancholy female, whom he introduced as "a kind of relation" and ordered to sit down. She obeyed, and he remarked cheerfully: "I, as you know, am a Moslem. I therefore take coffee only. But she is a Christian, so would like a glass of wine." The rites of hospitality having been fulfilled, P—— explained his errand somewhat as follows: "No doubt you have heard I am about to publish a paper. The printing-press has only just arrived, but I hope to get the first number out next week and have come to ask you to patronise it. You will find it worth while, for it will start a new era in journalism. Till now papers have usually been called *The Daily This* and *The Daily That*. Now, any fool can find out what happens in the day. What is really interesting is to know what people do after dark. This town seethes with political intrigues, as you know. I have arranged a service of disguised spies who will watch the doors of all the Foreign Consulates at night and of all the chief personages in the town. I assure you the news will be of great interest."

Having received my promise of support P—— and the draggled female departed. And in a few days out came the paper. It was called *The Sun*. P—— wrote and printed it entirely himself in seldom less than four languages and two or three different types, including Turkish. Free indeed it was. It was outspoken, scurrilous, indecent, and almost always funny. It bubbled with verse in any language. It attacked boldly all the Great Powers and libelled their Royal Families in ribald rhymes each more unspeakable than the last. And in turn each Consul and Vice-Consul arose in wrath, strode to the Governor of the town, and protested on behalf of the Government he represented, only to be met with the Governor's polite regret that, though the incident was deplorable, he could do nothing: "We have Freedom of the Press." Each Consul cursed in turn and secretly enjoyed the attack next week on another Government. But

the result of his own complaint usually was that a worse accusation against him or his Government appeared soon after.

Then there was a conjoint protest of the Powers, and they wrung from the Governor a promise that *The Sun* should cease. So it did. It came out next week as *The Moon*, livelier than ever.

Up till now Great Britain had been spared by P——. Now, by way of variety, he devoted a whole column to abuse of me, which was ungrateful of him. It was a nasty article. One of the minor charges was that I lived on the proceeds of a brothel. Round came our old British Vice-Consul in a fury. He was an Albanian, a good old man, devoted to Great Britain, and he was pained and horrified. With my consent he proposed to go at once to the Governor to lodge a protest. "No," said I, "don't. All the Powers have protested in vain and P—— is delighted. Say nothing at all and he will be disappointed. Everyone knows the article is untrue. It won't hurt me." And we said nothing. Rather to my surprise the next number and the next contained no mention of me. I met P—— in the main street and called out, "Hallo, P——, how are you getting on?" He stared at me for an instant, and then bolted like a rabbit up the nearest bye-street, followed by the laughter of the by-standers. His obvious terror astonished me.

Then, under seal of secrecy, the mystery was explained. I had many friends among the mountain tribesmen. When they heard of the attack upon me they were furious. A chosen band came down at night, entered P——'s house, thrashed him, and gave him the fright of his life. Next time another word against me appeared they would flog him to death. Poor P——! He really did learn then "what happens at night." And when I hailed him in the street, he though I had a band of stalwarts waiting round the corner.

I kept the secret. Every Consul in turn wanted to know what I had done to suppress P—— so completely. I replied truthfully: "Nothing at all." P—— continued his attacks upon them and I remained immune.

But pride has a fall. P——, emboldened by months of success, attacked the Young Turk Government. And was expelled from the country—or fled for his life, I do not know which—in twenty-four hours. Freedom of the Press was no protection this time. It was a case of Defence of the Realm.

I heard that P—— reached Trieste and never heard of him again. He was a clever little devil. But too much Freedom is not really good for anyone.

M. E. DURHAM.

THE RELAPSE

ONE'S social conscience is a curious thing:
Returned from doing little and thinking less
For two weeks' blessèd interlude of spring,
The Budget greets me, and I vaguely guess
At serious folks' distress.

A deficit—the Chancellor upbraided
With imitating Churchill's sleight-of-hand—
No revenue tariff—but a hen-roost raided—
Twopence on petrol—and (as David planned)
A scheme for taxing land.

The fiery cross goes round, and folk with brains,
And folk whose interest each clause invades—
Landowners, Press Lords, Mr. J. M. Keynes,
Financial purists, men in motor trades—
Gird on their battle-blades.

Yet I remain aloof and debonair:
Next week, no doubt, I shall have much to say,
Approving here and disapproving there;
That I have no more income-tax to pay
Suffices me to-day.

Two weeks have done it! Hard their lot must be
Who for our national welfare toil and plan,
When conscientious citizens like me
So soon relapse into the natural man.
Draw morals, those who can!

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE KING OF SPAIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am glad you have not joined in the sycophantic chorus about the ex-King of Spain, but even you are rather namby-pamby in your comments. London crowds cheer Alfonso because they are always interested in royalty and take the side of the loser in a battle. But if they knew more about him they would not cheer. In Spain last year I found that even the aristocracy had nothing to say for King Alfonso. He has retained power for twenty-five years by using and sacrificing one faithful Minister after another and he is execrated in the most conservative Spanish circles as the betrayer of his coronation oath. Amongst innumerable acts of personal misgovernment the Riff War must be accounted his doing, and most Spaniards believe that his insolent and incompetent interference with the plans of his generals cost Spain hundreds more lives. Why should we not rejoice whole-heartedly in the exit of the last and most unpleasantly typical of the Bourbons?—Yours, etc.,

London. A HATER OF TYRANTS.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Republican Government "is entitled to scrupulously fair treatment from the foreign press." Excellent! What about the fallen Monarchy?

In the same paragraph I read: "Some Londoners" (obviously silly) "wish to cheer a king who has thrown away his crown *from greed of power*." Scrupulously fair! Courteous and generous to a defeated exile!

Sympathy for the under-dog who, however mistakenly, has anyhow conspicuously played the game, is, I suppose, relegated to the list of "obsolete virtues" along with patriotism. At least, if the under-dog happens to have been a king.

We know, we never respect, and we almost never agree with our *Daily Mail*. We knew, we always respected, and we almost always agreed with, our *Nation*. Is the latter also obsolescent? If so, I had better sign myself—Yours, etc.,

BACK NUMBER.

[Our comment on King Alfonso erred, if at all, on the side of urbanity. The statement to which our correspondent objects is an exact statement of the fact. King Alfonso could have retained his throne if at any time during the last year or two he had been willing to summon *Cortes Constituyentes* and abandon personal rule.—ED. *N. S. and N.*]

THIS SUNDAY BUSINESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I, as an admirer of Y. Y. (who last week did me the honour of referring to one of my speeches), condole with him on the difficulties of the subject of Sunday Cinemas? An article on a subject of this complication, bearing the confident title "A Wrong Argument," was almost certain to be wrong from the start. He quotes me almost correctly. I said that those who believed in the Ten Commandments could not have Parliament saying "'Honour thy father and thy mother.' Yes, but you need not do it if the local authority gives you permission not to." Y. Y. thereupon rushes in to say "this argument may be called extraordinary because it seems to take for granted that it is the duty of the State to enforce the Ten Commandments." The rest of his article is an energetic tilt against the windmill of a proposition remote from my speech. The pathos of the performance lies

in the words "seems to take for granted." Ah, Y. Y., appearances are deceptive! In public controversy closer examination of an opponent's argument is advisable before that leap into print.

What my argument does take for granted is something very different, namely, that the State has no right to say "You shall be allowed to break one of the Ten Commandments if the local authority says you may." Between the proposition "It is the duty of the State to enforce the Ten Commandments" and the proposition "The State may not decree the abrogation of any of the Ten Commandments" there is a vast difference. My "extraordinary argument" was not concerned with commending the former but with affirming the latter. The whole of Y. Y.'s article (like much controversy on this subject) arises from failure to distinguish between these two propositions. If he reads himself and me again, he will agree that the most relevant and prophetic words in his light-hearted assault are: "There is, it may be admitted, some reason for a confusion between the two, since the law on several points coincides with the Ten Commandments."—Yours, etc.,

House of Commons. W. S. MORRISON.
April 28th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Charity Clause of the Sunday Performances Bil admittedly won a large amount of parliamentary support for the measure.

This Society has consistently opposed the compulsory payment to charities of money from Sunday performances, which we believe, on principle, to be wrong.

Now that the Bill has received its second reading it is instructive to notice what the very people who clamoured for it are doing, and indeed, were preparing to do, at the same time as Lord Knutsford's S.O.S. for the Hospitals was being broadcast in support of the Bill.

To-day's Cinema, the organ of the Cinematograph Exhibitors, in a leading article on April 17th said:—

> Exhibitors rightly think that if the law enforces the payment of a sum of money to charity, that sum is no longer a charitable payment but a tax, a weird tax that has no parallel in ordinary legislation.

On April 13th the same paper had a statement by the vice-president of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association, in which he said:—

> Sunday opening is either good or it is bad. If it is bad, cinemas should not be allowed to open; if good, there is no reason why they should not make profits the same as anybody else who trades on Sunday, without paying contributions to charity. Exhibitors are in business to make a living, and if it is a legitimate living, they should not be restricted in this way.
>
> The Brighton Exhibitors on April 14th held a protest meeting especially to object to the Charities Clause which they considered "a polite form of blackmail."

Will the cinematograph owners, having got the support of Lord Knutsford and the hospitals, and a number of votes on the second reading on this particular ground, now repudiate the charity clause?—Yours, etc.,

MAURICE WHITLOW, Information Secretary.
The Lord's Day Observance Society, 22 Red Lion Square, W.C.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have noticed with considerable amusement what a large proportion of those who have written to the press in favour of the Sunday opening of cinemas have been at pains to emphasise, at the same time, their abhorrence of the "Continental Sunday." Apparently, this phrase, for large numbers of people, connotes something innately improper, like the French language; something which no "decent-minded" Englishman would care to see domesticated in his virtuous island.

At the risk of not being thought "decent-minded," I should like to be allowed to state, after some years' residence on the Continent, that the advantages of the Continental Sunday over our own Lord's Day, particularly for the poorer sections of the community, seem to me immeasurable. The Continental Sunday enables everybody to enjoy, according to his means and inclinations, the kind of amusements which in England are strictly reserved for those who have incomes of £500 a year and over. It is a civilised and democratic day of rest and recreation, and its outstanding superiority to the English Sunday is due to the fact that it is based on the principles of personal liberty and religious toleration. The Sabbatarian is just as free, in France and Germany, to shut himself up in his home and read improving books as he is in Glasgow. But he is *not* free to bully and harass his neighbours and to try to dictate to them about their private concerns. He is allowed to convince, but not, as in this country, to coerce.

It is significant that it is in the countries which enjoy the Continental Sunday that Christianity is most alive, just as it is in the countries where the public-houses are wide open day and night that there is the least drunkenness and the highest general standard of social conduct.

Now that working-class Londoners have so narrowly escaped having their Sunday pleasures curtailed for them by "Miss Megan," the Member for Ross and Cromarty, and other provincial busybodies, it is to be hoped that they will rouse themselves and carry the war into the enemy's camp. Our absurd licensing laws, which ruin our tourist trade, annually drive millions of pounds of English money out of the country and exert such a blighting effect on enterprise, should be swept away as soon as possible, together with the magistrates who administer them.

Until we win back the measure of personal liberty now enjoyed by Germans and Austrians—which should be the birthright of all civilised and self-respecting peoples—it is not likely that England will be either prosperous or contented.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C. 1. DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

PRISON FOR THE POOR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Wechsler's letter justifies "prison for the poor" on the ground that a debtor who neglects to pay his debts when he has the means to do so is guilty of dishonesty and should be punished by imprisonment. With this plea many people, including myself, do not agree, for it is founded on the idea that property stands on a higher plane than personal liberty. There are, no doubt, other people who would like to revert to the custom of primitive times when the debtor became literally the slave of his creditor. But if this is to be the law it should be applied to rich and poor alike. Human nature is pretty much the same in all ranks of society, and the small minority of the population who are so morally dishonest as to neglect to pay their debts are found in the upper and middle, no less than in the lower classes. At present the punishment which Mr. Wechsler favours applies solely to weekly wage-earners, since the system of judgment summonses followed by committal orders is restricted to the county court, which is now, as always, the poor man's court. It is an offence against our criminal law to obtain credit or goods or money by fraudulent or dishonest means, but it is not an offence against our criminal law to neglect to pay one's debt when one has the means to do so. This may be morally dishonest but it is not criminal dishonesty. Yet workmen whose improvident wives are tempted by credit traders in our mean streets to pledge their husband's credit beyond their means find themselves branded as criminals if they neglect to pay their debts. No civilised State should impose the punishment reserved for criminals upon respectable citizens who neglect civil obligations. If it does so, it should at least make it a part of its criminal code. If the Attorney-General brought in a Bill next week to amend our criminal law, defining neglect to pay debts as a misdemeanour punishable by imprisonment, the hypocrisy which marks the iniquitous existing system would disappear. The Debtors Act professes to abolish imprisonment for debt, but substantially it preserves the evil thing in a form which applies to wage-earners alone. I do not envy the lot of the parliamentary candidate who endeavoured to justify such a measure to the present electorate.

I made no complaint against the Judicature Act and its assignment of debts. All I pointed out was that this development of our law had facilitated the trade of debt collecting and that it is responsible for what Sir Edward Parry, speaking from his many years' experience on the county court bench, describes as the "screw" system. Committal orders in the hands of these debt collectors, who can be classified with moneylenders in the order of their civic value, become under the threat of imprisoning the family breadwinner mere weapons for screwing every farthing out of the pockets of the wage-earner or his friends or his relations.

As for the rest of Mr. Wechsler's letter, its exposition of the Debtors Act is inaccurate where it is material and irrelevant where it is accurate. It would take every page of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to set out the examples for which he asks.—Yours, etc.,

THE WRITER OF "PRISON FOR THE POOR."

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Can your contributors who are so indignant about imprisonment for debt suggest an alternative method of enforcing judgments?

There are many debtors who have ostensibly no goods on which execution can be levied—*e.g.*, those who live in hotels or lodgings, or whose furniture is owned by their wives—but who are able to pay their debts if they choose. These could snap their fingers at judgments and run up debts with impunity if there were no procedure which threatened their liberty.

Hundreds of debts are paid because of the ultimate possibility of committal to every one for which imprisonment actually takes place. A committal order is not made unless the creditor can satisfy the Judge that the debtor has means to pay; the order is then expressed to be suspended on payment of instalments assessed by the Judge to accord with the debtor's means, and usually very low (in this district the average is five shillings a month or less). If the debtor's position alters for the worse, so that he cannot keep up the instalments, he may apply to the Judge for the order to be varied.

It is hard to see why it is more unjust that a man who has incurred a debt should be compelled to pay it by small instalments within his means than that the creditor—who may be quite as poor as the debtor—should be deprived of his money altogether. Credit transactions in commerce are only possible if the law will enforce payment from those who are able to pay. If the sanction of committal were removed, a court judgment would amount to no more than a pious admonishment and a source of amusement to the indolent and the dishonest.—Yours, etc.,

SOLICITOR.

BUY BRITISH

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—On reading the letter from Lady Horsley, I asked my grocer to quote me current prices for bacon. I received the following figures: Wiltshire 1s. 9d., Danish 1s. 4d., "Home Cured" 1s. 3d. The last is English bacon, admittedly of different cut from the others, but of good quality.

In addition, I was told that Wiltshire had a special flavour of its own for which the public are apparently prepared to pay an extra figure, and that there is a scarcity rather than a surplus of good Wiltshire bacon at the present time.

The object of my original letter was not to suggest that British methods were in no need of improvement. On the contrary I suggested that the reverse was the case, and believe that it would be fatal to remove by a protective system the pressure of foreign competition to achieve greater efficiency. I did contend, however, that in some cases the process of adjustment was proving so exhausting that some respite was justifiable, and that in these instances the "Buy British" campaign had its points. Compared with any fiscal method, it was difficult to abuse, being dependent on the goodwill of the consumer, created no vested interests, automatically disappeared as prices adjusted themselves, and was not politically destructive.

While still adhering, in the present trying circumstances, to the general soundness of "Buy British," it would appear from the facts I have already given that there is no case for modifying in any way the ordinary economics of the market when buying bacon. The British bacon producer is not battling with bankruptcy; a British article equally low in price is available, and, from what I gather, British pig breeders might well be urged by the pressure of foreign competition to emulate the highly efficient industrial methods of production, as well as of marketing, employed in Denmark.—Yours, etc.,

L. J. CADBURY.

The Davids,
Northfield, Birmingham.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Might I suggest that Lady Horsley should "compare prices" before deciding to buy Danish bacon in preference to Wiltshire? She states that her grocer asks 10d. a pound more for Wiltshire. I have before me to-day's prices from an important grocer in a West of England City. His prices to schools are per *side*:

Danish smoked, 10½d. per lb.
Wiltshire, 1s. 1d. per lb.

It would seem that certain shops hope to make an exorbitant profit out of British bacon, thus retarding consumption, to the detriment of the feeder and curer.—Yours, etc.,

April 21st. HEADMASTER.

HANGING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Cleeve is mistaken in thinking that the medical witnesses at the inquests following judicial hangings always assert death to be instantaneous. Sir Bernard Spilsbury stated at one such inquest that "the cause of death was coma or unconsciousness followed by asphyxia" (*Daily Express*, September 4th, 1924). Most medical witnesses claim, however, that unconsciousness comes on immediately, but surely in cases of asphyxia it is difficult to be dogmatic. It depends upon the extent of the drop and the degree of concussion which ensues.

The regulations require that the body should remain suspended for an hour. Home Office instructions also forbid prison governors to time an execution or give detailed information at the inquest as to the time taken. Questioned in the House of Commons about these instructions, Lord Brentford, when Home Secretary, said: "It would be most undesirable to make the terms of such instructions public," "the less said at the inquest the better." One does not want to give more details than are necessary, and "it is preferable to draw a veil over these cases." (June 28rd, 1927.) One may well ask why all this secrecy is necessary if hanging is invariably the expeditious death Mr. Cleeve would have us believe. As I explained in my letter of April 11th, the fact that death by hanging may be unpleasant is not in my view a very important consideration in the case for abolition. But I do not think that supporters of the death penalty should be allowed the false comfort of believing that an execution is necessarily a painless and decorous proceeding.

As to newspaper censorship, I suggest to Mr. Cleeve that there is a vital difference between censorship in divorce cases, which are civil proceedings between two individuals, and the censorship of criminal trials. The latter (which was opposed by nearly every witness before the Select Committee irrespective of his views about Capital Punishment) would tend to undermine public confidence in our courts upon which our administration of justice finally depends.

Your correspondent, "Hang 'em" (*sic*) should quote me accurately. I have never said, nor do I believe, "that a considerable section of the press opposed abolition for no other reason than that the circulation of their publications might suffer." Certain less reputable newspapers undoubtedly exploit the sensationalism of murder trials and executions for the purposes of circulation, and I suggested recently that it would be more honourable in the circumstances if they held their peace, instead of taking sides in support of Capital Punishment. But that is hardly the same thing.—Yours, etc.,

E. ROY CALVERT, Secretary.
National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty.
Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

THE FIGHT FOR THE PARKS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The publicity that is being given by the press to the fight for the parks round London makes it desirable to call attention to certain aspects of the fight which the public does not yet understand, and which the Association we have the honour to represent has discovered in the course of its fight for the parks in Kent.

The principle we have sought to establish, and which we believe to be right, is that in districts where housing development has to be, this should be planned round the parks and not upon them after the parks have been destroyed. The park with its amenities, and if possible its house if it be a historic one, should be the core of the development scheme—the beauty and the history in every case preserved. This as a rule can only be accomplished by a close co-operation between the Statutory Authority and the Ministry of Health, together with the sympathetic support of the residents in the locality—they being primarily interested, and between these three forces there must be co-ordination.

Among the Kentish parks in one way or another attacked during the last six years have been Kippington, Hayes, Chipstead, Bradbourne, Greatnesse, Wildernesse, Montreal, Lullingstone, Shoreham, Knole. Some of them no longer exist; most of them have changed hands during the fight. The attack has invariably come from the outside. What happens is somewhat as follows. The landlord sells his estate to a development syndicate. This group again sells, at a profit, to lesser groups. These again retail to others who make off with what is left of the plunder.

In most cases the Ministry of Health, the ultimate Town Planning Authority, are unaware till it is too late of what is going

to happen. In other cases the Statutory Authority gives the case away by granting permission for the building of houses to interested groups, speculators and others, before a general plan has been sanctioned, even though a Town Planning Scheme under the Act is in progress.

Now we are advised that the Minister has the power, in a progressive Town Planning Scheme, to establish larger land units with effective betterment clauses; and we are further advised that the Statutory Authority has in effect, if not necessarily in law, the power to hold up a development scheme in an area being planned till such scheme has been proven to be good, and planned in the future interest of the community. Why can this not be done? Why must we be subjected to a continuous and sordid suburbanisation? The fight for the moment here is for what remains of the once beautiful parks of Greatnesse, Chipstead, Bradbourne; in a few years it may again be Shoreham, Lullingstone, Knole. And the same thing is no doubt happening in other districts round London and our great cities where beautiful parks still exist.

What we need is a policy firm and consistent, such as our Association has laid down, and this is a matter mainly of administration. Sound administration will, we believe, not hurt good housing development with fair profit to the developers; but it is going to check the profiteer who is out to plunder and deface a district to the infinite loss of its inhabitants present and to come.—Yours, etc.,

C. R. ASHBEE, F.R.I.B.A., Vice-President.
P. A. CALDER, Ex-chairman.
THOS. HARRISON, Chairman.
Sevenoaks and District Housing and Town Planning Association.

EPSTEIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—After reading Sir Michael Sadler's letter I begin to grasp this sorry scheme of things entire. We, that is the public, who are, of course, incapable of understanding art, are now told that if a piece of sculpture looks grotesque it may contain spirituality. Art presently will become so complicated that it will not be understood unless interpreted by an art critic. For instance, a mess will be labelled "This is a dog. The art critic will supply the bark." The Greeks strove to interpret art in terms of beauty. The Moderns chisel the grotesque, and sneer at the public for calling it an abortion.

As an artist I require no tuition from Messrs. Earp and Sadler. If I stand before a finely chiselled head in white marble, veiled and ethereal, I recognise it as an Italian masterpiece. It exudes spirituality. If I see, which God forbid, a mess labelled "Genesis" I recognise it as an abortion. Of course the art critic may see something in it that is primitive. It may, in fact, be his own ancestor.—Yours, etc.,

P.O. Box 7, Cradock, C.P., South Africa. OSWALD READE.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I should be glad if you could allow me a few words on "Proteus'" conclusion concerning my book, *Mr. Line*, in your issue of April 25th—"the most damning indictment of the Civil Service as a life for human beings that I have ever read."

I am sorry this conclusion was so comprehensive. "Mr. Line" was an individual, and even if he could be accepted as a type, he never was, to me, a representative Civil Servant. I thought of him rather as an "Everyman" to be found in any office in the City, Government or commercial. In my experience, the men who are the backbone of the Civil Service possess more brains and character than Mr. Line. They perform work requiring wide departmental knowledge and the most close and exacting application of bewildering Acts of Parliament with marked skill and good temper. And they are usually men of the world, if on the sober side, and good sportsmen, as well as excellent citizens.

It is only fair to say all this. It is not said too often. Any "damning indictment" "Proteus" cares to make might better be applied to Civil Service conditions (perhaps he had these in mind?). The pay is far too slender, the scale of the cost of living bonus farcical. The standard of living of Civil Servants, whether they are Mr. Lines or his opposites in character and experience, has dropped them down on to a different plane since the war. But their work does not suffer. They tighten their belts and stick it.—Yours, etc.,

1 Bushey Avenue, South Woodford, E. 18. L. A. PAVEY.

THE TARIFF ISSUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am sorry that Professor Lionel Robbins still defends what seems to me the absurd proposition that if industries are menaced by foreign competition "the very fact they are so menaced is a presumption against their suitability."

He will not look the facts in the face. He thinks it axiomatic that, *e.g.*, if steel joists are sold here it must be because our own steel industry deserves to die. To him price is proof, and he thinks it elementary wisdom to go no further. The fact is, of course, that Germany, France and Belgium are dumping metal here. Germany is selling steel joists at £6 10s. a ton at home and at £3 14s. a ton in England. I find it hard to believe that Professor Robbins can defend this or can recommend us to borrow money to provide incomes for our dispossessed iron and steel workers. His resolution not to face facts is clear from his denouncing the careful statistics of the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Labour as the "sensational manipulation of heterogeneous statistical aggregates." These valiant polysyllables merely mean that Professor Robbins does not like the unpleasant truths that we are importing 2½ million tons of iron and steel a year, that only eighty of our 400 blast furnaces are in blast, and that we are paying unemployment benefit to 90,000 iron and steel workers.

Professor Robbins darkens counsel by stating that I argued that "we have plenty of iron ore and limestone," whereas what I pointed out was that in importing iron and steel we, in effect, import *coal*, ore and flux. Coal is the determining factor. Possessing coal much superior to that of France, Belgium, or Germany, having good ore and flux, and such ports near coal that we can by a cheap run bring in the special ores of Spain and Sweden, we prefer to discard our natural advantages and to pay doles to miners, iron workers, and others. He is not only satisfied with this position; he rejoices in it. He declares to your readers that the case is on all fours with that of wool in the days before coal, and with that of wheat when Britain was a Roman granary!

As with iron and steel, so with many other industries. I wonder what Professor Robbins considers an industry suitable for our island. May we be permitted, I wonder, to knit stockings? I ask because 77,000,000 pairs of stockings were dumped in this country last year! "How sensational!" I can hear Professor Robbins remarking. Indeed it is, for there are only 46,000,000 pairs of legs in Great Britain, including those of the infants who cannot avail themselves of the dumping.

The workers of this country must be protected in their lives and in their work. This is not the assertion of a childish economic nationalism, but of the responsibility resting upon the government of a great group of people. Clearly, even in a federation of Socialist republics entirely repudiating nationalist aggression, arrangements would be made to prevent cruel economic dislocations. No republic in such a group would buy dumped iron, throw its own iron workers idle, and borrow the means to pay them doles. Protection there must be, but I do not like tariff protection; I could only accept it for lack of a better and obvious remedy, not yet available. In the case of iron and steel, and dealing with the immediate situation, my own preference would be for the control of imports in the public interest by an expert representative board.—Yours, etc.,

Royal Societies Club. LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

A WORLD ECONOMY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Hobson's article, "A World Economy" and your leader in the same issue are very welcome reading for many people who, while they reject the philosophy of *laisser faire* and many of the conclusions commonly drawn from it, cannot on that account still the doubts that they entertain about fiscal protection.

It is time to make clear that the case for Free Trade does not rest upon mid-nineteenth-century individualism, but upon fundamental principles of economy, applicable to all types of social organisation. No community, whether individualist or Socialist, can raise its standard of life, although it may confer benefits upon particular sections, by preferring dearer goods to cheaper, provided that dearness and cheapness are reckoned in terms of all the costs of production and that the long period is taken into account.

Thus, even a Socialist State should, if it aims at a maximum of material wealth for its members, import foreign goods whenever their real long-period cost is less than that of the home-produced article (more precisely, whenever they can be purchased by the export of commodities that together cost less than the home-produced article).

This principle is compatible with State-trading, with import, export or commodity boards, and with the exclusion of dumped goods, sweated goods, or goods sold temporarily cheap owing to liquidation of surplus stocks. It is not compatible with protective tariffs against goods marketed at normal prices or with quotas that are really concealed bounties. The principle may be concisely designated as "Non-discrimination"; that is to say, the absence of discrimination between home and foreign sources of supply.—Yours, etc.,

H. D. DICKINSON.

The University,
Leeds.

Drama

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE

THE HEIR, which is now running at the Gate Theatre, is a translation of a play by Prince Antoine Bibesco. It was acted with considerable success in Paris last year. The situation dramatised on the stage is one which must have recurred in one form or another down the ages and amused everyone in the know. An heir cuts himself out of a rich inheritance by getting his old uncle's young wife with child. Queen Margaret of Navarre, had she come across an anecdote of that description, would have included it in the Heptameron, and La Fontaine would have hugely enjoyed putting it into exquisite easy verse, with a little sententious moral at the end which neither amorous nephews nor old uncles need have taken too seriously. A biter-bit situation always amuses us, and in this case also the scales which are so heavily loaded against old age in competition with youth are seen for once to balance.

Nothing would have given the septuagenarian Marquis of Sark more intense gratification than to disappoint his legitimate heir, Jack Baron, and it is thanks to that young man's disregard of his uncle's feelings, for whom he has expressed the warmest solicitude and prospective gratitude, that the old man does enjoy that unexpected joy. In spite of being an eminently Gallic situation, it gets across Anglo-Saxon footlights, and it does so because the play is not a mere anecdote but a sympathetic, searching study in old age. The old Marquis is the pivot of the whole play, and Mr. Esmé Percy interpreted him with delicacy and vitality. His tentative, sensitive gestures with his hands were most effective (once or twice his hand outstretched across a table pleading for response to a love which could give everything except physical completion was as expressive as his whispers—and that is saying much). The expression of his eyes reflected every change of feeling, from almost mendicant tenderness to a sarcastic sense of power. What an advantage it is, I thought while watching Mr. Esmé Percy, to act before a small auditorium—only then can the difficulty of conveying fine shades of feeling be completely surmounted. Thanks to this one character, the play has a significance which goes far beyond its story, which in itself is only capable of provoking a brief sardonic chuckle. The Marquis of Sark is drawn in the best tradition of comedy; his miserliness, his heir-baiting propensities, his valetudinarianism, his capacity for deep sentiment combined with a relish for challenging what is ruthlessly egotistic in human nature, his itch to familiarise himself with death and his own infirmities by constantly referring to them, make up together a memorable character. What the dramatist achieves is the exhibition, without a trace of mawkishness, of the beauty and depth of a senile passion.

The translation seemed adequate, but it could hardly escape the attentive ear that much of the quick rhythm, the tit-for-tat promptness of the original dialogue must have evaporated. The technique of the piece is traditional; one was able to foresee with tolerable certainty which character would enter next and what turn the dialogue would take. The logical framework of the piece was never concealed, and we were evidently expected to take some pleasure in its clean, clear, economic structure. Such technique was the proper setting for such a character as the Marquis of Sark, but it disappoints modern preferences for unexpected, rapid, casual development.

He is introduced to us in the opening scene as a miser and a valetudinarian. Here I think the dramatist might have moved quicker; parsimony and nervous invalidism are characteristics immediately seized by any audience, and there is no need to harp on them. It was necessary to show Lord Sark first as an exacting and fussy egotist in order to prepare for the change in him produced by his falling in love with the woman doctor who cures his backache; but the demonstration might have been quicker. Throughout the generosity and selflessness of an old man's love is contrasted with the egotism of a young one's.

The first stages of the transformation produced by passion in Lord Sark are comic; the old man begins to smarten himself up and to display a lavishness in giving which astonishes his valet and his heirs. Jack Baron looks on with equanimity, counting no doubt on his power of cutting out his old uncle sooner or later, but Jack's sister, a thoroughly unpleasant character, is apprehensive from the first, seeing in Noemi Kent a dangerous adventuress. It will be guessed that in drawing the character of Noemi Kent, the woman doctor, great care was necessary, for she has to be worthy of devotion and yet betray it. She must appear to us as responding genuinely to what is beautiful and affecting in the old man's addresses. She must not strike us as an adventuress for a single moment or Lord Sark appears as an infatuated old fool. When he asks for her hand—the scene is gravely delicate in feeling—we must be sure that she is fully aware of the value of his devotion, though as a wide-awake woman she is also, of course, conscious of the tremendous advantages of such a match. Miss Greta Keller interpreted Noemi well. Her voice was always charming, and so were her gestures of distress and embarrassment, but her beauty hardly sustained the praise it received from the other characters.

The greatest difficulty that the dramatist had to overcome was to make her yielding to Jack plausible while never allowing us to forget that she appreciated her husband's love at its true value. This difficulty is subtly and successfully surmounted, but all depends upon the acting of the scene between husband and wife on the night of their secret marriage. This late colloquy between them after their visit to the Consul at St. Sebastian is perhaps the most remarkable scene in the play. The proposal scene in the act before has made it clear that Lord Sark wishes to be nearer to her than any other human being and to make her as happy as she can be, not even denying her the happiness of lovers. It is perfect intimacy of thought and sympathy that he can give and needs himself. In loving Noemi he has discovered the joy of giving after having been satiated with the pleasures of taking. To care so abysmally that he is no longer jealous—he feels himself capable of that, and that

alone justifies his marriage in his own eyes. The pathetic and gentle talk between them before they go their separate ways on their wedding night is, on his side, a modulation upon the theme that in love to desire without fulfilment is the only happiness—and *that* is not happiness, while she listens, sipping brandy after her cold, long drive, distressed, disturbed, grateful, but unsatisfied. Yet it is that very night the young *viveur*, Jack, gets from her what he wants.

How, without anything approaching a real passion for this youth, did she come to commit herself to a point which she afterwards bitterly regretted? As she says in contemptuously rejecting her lover on her return from a yachting cruise with her husband, some months later, she "slipped as you may slip up on a piece of orange peel." The contributory causes (they are all in the scene I have just described) were a state of nervous susceptibility created by that intimate talk, brandy, and her husband's assertion that there could be a bond between them so much deeper than any physical relation, that the latter was of no importance. Still, it was a very ugly, humiliating thing to do at that moment, and at variance with her profound regard for him. She could not bring herself to confess, and when she discovers she is with child she is distracted. The old man guesses, forgives her, as he said he could, and then thoroughly relishes the irony of the situation as it regards Jack Baron. And what of the young man? Here lies the weakness of the play—at any rate when anglicised. Mr. Glen Byam Shaw is the type of sincere, diffident, athletic, handsome English lover. He is the sort who might well win his love if she was in love with him, but that is precisely what Noemi is *not*. To make the situation convincing he ought either to have been made more sympathetic, a youth with some fun in him, or much more of a professional wooer. As it was he was neither, but a mixture between an ardent, halting lover, handicapped by his own sincerity, and an egotistic, adroit philanderer. But this defect leaves the central feature of the play, the relation between the old man and his young wife, intact. It is a blemish, but not a fatal one. The merit of the play lies in being a rare blend of tenderness and bitterness, of cynical humour and unsentimental pathos. There is no reason why the Censor should object to it, if the unnecessarily frank advances of the niece to her uncle and the specimen of the gossip with which she regales him were toned down. The interpreters of both these young parts failed to introduce the lightness and superficial grace which they required.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

DER ROSENKAVALIER AT COVENT GARDEN

THE opera season has opened at Covent Garden with Richard Strauss's comedy opera *Der Rosenkavalier*, while at the Lyceum (where Sir Thomas Beecham's Russian season will begin next month) Noel Coward's melodrama *Bitter Sweet* is still being played. Of the large audiences which will still enjoy the adroitness of Mr. Coward's pastiche, only a very few have ever heard or will ever hear of *Der Rosenkavalier*, although where the former's music is banal and lifeless, Strauss's is gay, full of sentiment, and of fine workmanship, while the difference between the two librettos is indescribable. In short, *Der Rosenkavalier* is a work of art, whereas *Bitter Sweet* is what the Germans call *ersatz*, a substitute, an imitation of the real thing. The fact that masses of people eagerly swallow substitutes without the opportunity of knowing anything better is one of the serious flaws in our present system, in which there is little or no provision made for quality. For example, it is absurd that during the present opera season at Covent Garden the cheapest obtainable reserved seat costs twelve shillings, whilst the unreserved amphitheatre (sold out for all performances of the *Ring* before the season began) costs for other than *Ring* performances three shillings and sixpence, plus a wait of at least some hours in a queue. Only a handful of the people who wish to hear opera at Covent Garden can do so, and it is to be hoped that the B.B.C. now that it is connected with Covent Garden will formulate some scheme for dealing with this situation, which is only partly met by the present broadcasting arrangements. Broadcasting of opera is valuable, but it can never take the place of public performances in a theatre, since the visual action is an essential part of the operatic art.

There is a heresy in some musical circles that opera is a low and degraded musical form. It was the opinion of those in the nineteenth century who believed in a bloodless apparition known as "Absolute Music." This phantasm has completely disappeared. Perhaps only the mathematicians now still believe in it. It is the music the planets make rotating upon their axes and revolving around the sun. It is the celestial harmony of the heavens visible and invisible. Nobody has ever heard or ever will hear it, which is not to say that it does not exist; but of earthly forms of music I would be so bold as to assert that the greatest, the subtlest and the most comprehensive, as the most difficult, is the form of opera. This opinion is supported by tradition, and has been the belief of the greatest composers in the history of music. The nineteenth century "realists," who thought the operatic form bad and unnatural because in real life nobody sings in public and social intercourse, were pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp. Life is a convention; all forms are conventions, and where there is no convention there is no art. These are accepted truisms to-day, but, nevertheless, one still finds ignorant people dismissing opera as silly or as an inferior musical form when, as I say, it is the most complex and subtle of all musical forms, exceeding that of the symphony or fugue or tone-poem as the drama of Shakespeare exceeds his or anybody else's lyrics.

Since it is the richest and most difficult of forms, masterpieces are rare. Few operas are wholly satisfactory, but among modern operas Strauss's *Rosenkavalier* takes a high place. He had the advantage of a talented Austrian poet as librettist, and I regret to see that in this year's programmes at Covent Garden Hugo von Hofmannsthal's name is omitted. As quite half of the virtue of *Der Rosenkavalier* is his, this is a serious act of injustice. In the correspondence between Hofmannsthal and Strauss, published in Vienna in 1926, we can see *Der Rosenkavalier*, which Strauss wanted to be called *Ochs*, in the making. Strauss contributed no little to the construction of the scenes. For example, he writes on May 20th, 1910, to Hofmannsthal:

> To speak bluntly—I am very dissatisfied with the lay-out of the last instalment you sent me. . . . It is too loose, too untidy, one thing treading on another's heels instead of following in logical sequence. The entrance of the Princess (in the last act), with the following scene is the focal point of the action—excitement here is at its tensest—it must all be pulled most tightly together. When the Baron has made his exit, with all the rabble after him, *then* and not till then we may melt gradually into the lyrical mood and return to our softer contours. . . . The Commissar must be got rid of quickly—at once; directly the chief characters confront each other we have no more use for him. Let me know soon what you think.

To this Hofmannsthal replies accepting his criticism. On another occasion Strauss writes:

> The last act of Verdi's *Falstaff* begins with such a capital monologue. . . . I have a similar notion for the Baron's scene after Octavian has left the stage. The Baron on the sofa, the doctor with him, silent servants grouped around the end of the couch—the Baron talking intermittently, now to himself, now to others, half boasting, half sorry for himself—with constant orchestral interruptions. . . .

Hofmannsthal replies: "As to the Baron's monologue, I see exactly what you want; thanks to your suggestive hint of 'sofa.'" Everyone who knows the opera will admit that this monologue ending Act II. is extremely successful. Strauss's reference to Verdi shows that a good artist is not afraid of working from a good model. The correspondence shows that while Hofmannsthal had the finer taste, Strauss had the firmer grasp of what would be theatrically effective. He is constantly urging Hofmannsthal to broader, more comic, effects, especially in Act II., and many of his suggestions are adopted by Hofmannsthal. For example, he writes on May 5th, 1909: "Act I. arrived yesterday—I am simply ravished by it; it really is extraordinarily charming, and so subtle—a little too subtle, perhaps, for the general public, but that doesn't matter . . . ." To which Hofmannsthal replies:

> My warmest thanks for the kind way in which you express your satisfaction with Act I. It is a great joy to me to get such a letter from you. . . . Your fear lest the work should prove too subtle does not disturb me. The progress of the actions is simple and intelligible enough for even the most unsophisticated public: a fat, elderly, self-satisfied suitor, favoured by the lady's father, is supplanted by a handsome young fellow—surely simplicity could go no farther.
>
> But the working out of it must be, I fancy, as I have made it—entirely free from anything trivial and conventional; for the lasting success of a piece depends upon the approval of the public as a whole—the finer no less than the coarser elements—and it is the former who create that prestige without which no piece can hope to live, any more than it can without a popular appeal. . . .

We are extremely lucky in hearing such a fine company as the present one in *Der Rosenkavalier*. It would be difficult to surpass the performances of Lottie Lehmann as the Princess and of Richard Mayr as Baron Ochs. The acting and singing of these artists reaches a degree of polish and finesse that is rare to find in the theatre. Where indeed can we find an actor on the London stage who can manage a stream of dialogue with the variety and point of expression given by Baron Ochs? Is there an actor who can manage a monologue as he does? It is true that our best actors have little chance to show a high degree of talent of this kind. They are not—except at the "Old Vic"—asked to speak verse, and the prose of our contemporary dramatists is almost all contemptible. But such actors as Mr. John Gielgud, whom I recently heard as Prospero in *The Tempest*, have a long way to go before they equal the proficiency of an actor such as Richard Mayr.

Bruno Walter is taking the opera at a faster pace this year, it seemed to me, and this is an improvement. The new Octavian, Margit Angerer, is a little disappointing vocally, although her appearance is good, but one cannot judge her on a first appearance at Covent Garden, where an unknown singer is certain to be excessively nervous.

W. J. TURNER.

TO ROBERT-CAROLINE, ON THE EVE OF THE CENSUS

THERE! I've dealt with all the rest
In the neatest, roundest, best,
Firmest, fairest, clearest hand
I could find at my command.
Head (that's Tom) and Wife (that's me)
Benjie (six), Betsinda (three),
Nannie, Mary, Mrs. Hall—
Faithfully I've set them all
(Name and birthplace, work and age)
Down upon this ample page:
But I don't know what to do,
Robert-Caroline, with you.

Will you by to-morrow night
In the Law's fastidious sight
Be, I wonder, Robert dear,
"Legally residing here"?
Caroline, until this hour
Secret as an unborn flower,
Will you by to-morrow be
"Member of the family"?
Must I write—one problem more—
"M" or "F" in column four?
Will you, baffling child of mine,
"Robert" be, or "Caroline"?

Never mind—for what's the odds?
In that nursery of the gods
Where you all-unheeding play,
Robert-Caroline, to-day,
Let no thought of solemn census
Or the myriad laws that fence us
Round on this prosaic earth
Reach you e'er you come to birth;
Lest, unwilling to be hurled
Into such a humdrum world,
As your parents you decline
To have us, Robert-Caroline!

JAN STRUTHER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Work or War?

Mr. Poor Montgomery's *The Years Between*, produced at the Arts Theatre last week, is a depressing play. It depresses not only because of its subject—that men will welcome war if they are out of work—but by its presentation of that point of view with no alleviating contradiction. Surely one of the women might have had the spirit and sense to point out to the men that what they lack is not employment, but the spirit of initiative; that what they have liked in war is the absence of responsibility? Mr. Montgomery seems to respect his grousers too much; their fate is hard, but their selfishness in welcoming war and general destruction rather than their own personal loss makes one indifferent to their fate. There is little distinction in the writing, and the humour—there is a joke about drowning kittens that nearly made me sick—is of a very saddening variety. Of the actors, Miss Frances Carson and Mr. Harold Huth were easily the best.

"Dreyfus"

Dreyfus, the British film at the London Pavilion, is a sincere and praiseworthy attempt to tell on the screen the story of the *affaire*. The film industry is so often and so properly abused for its inability to construct a story that we should commend it when, recognising its limitations, it goes to history for its material. The story is told well and clearly. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke gives an excellent study of Dreyfus, and makes no attempt to portray him as a more interesting figure than he was, while the portrait of Zola is also excellent and truthful. The difficulty is, of course, whether the spectator can deduce from the film what was happening. The facts he can, more or less. But the implications are missing—the background of French history, and French society, the social, national and international strife. A couple of silly women at the Zola trial and a few small mobs in the street were the only indication given us that the Dreyfus affair was not merely a miscarriage of justice caused by the narrow-minded prejudice of the General Staff, but the greatest spiritual contest that the Third Republic had to wage until the World War. After all, it took Proust some fourteen volumes to explain what the *affaire* meant. This criticism

of *Dreyfus* is, I think, a serious one, but the limitation was almost inevitable, and perhaps the producer had the right to presuppose some general knowledge of the subject; in any case, we can unreservedly commend the way in which the three trials, the two Dreyfus trials and the one of Zola, were handled. These three trials, which might easily have become boring, kept up their interest owing to the variety of the treatment. It is to be hoped that *Dreyfus* may have enough success to encourage British International Films to embark on similar enterprises.

The Camargo Society.

After its second performance two months ago I thought this Society was doomed. To improvise a whole programme of new ballets for a couple of performances seemed a hopeless task, and the directors appeared as limited in their ideas as in the means of executing them. But the performances this week represented a resolute attempt to escape from the atmosphere of the parish hall. Karsavina and Lopokova emerged upon their toes to receive a thunderous welcome, and the programme was lovely and original. It began with *Follow Your Saint*, with Lopokova and Mr. Frederick Ashton dancing, then came a charming little ballet to Scarlatti's music, with ingenious choreography by Mr. Ashton. Next there was Karsavina in *Valse Fantaisie*, by Glinka. I thought the costumes unlucky; and Karsavina had not found a choreography particularly appropriate to her genius, but there was her expressive and inimitably graceful line. I wish she would show us again her great powers as a mime. *La Création du Monde* inevitably recalled memories of the Swedish dancers' most successful production, with sumptuous decorations by Léger. I think the theme requires a larger company than the Camargo could provide, just as Milhaud's extremely effective music requires a larger orchestra. But Mr. Edward Wolfe contrived some good colour, and Miss Ninette de Valois's choreography was a prodigious improvement upon her previous work. It is, in any case, all to the good that the Camargo should err by excess of ambition. With *Façade* the Society finally dispelled all doubts. Here was a ballet which could take its place in the Diaghilev repertory. Mr. Ashton has invented a witty choreography for Mr. Walton's beautiful and buoyant music, Mr. John Armstrong's costumes are ravishing, and his backcloth, if imitative, extremely pretty. The dancing was a delight; Markova brought the house down—she is the white hope of English ballet. Mr. Ashton was at his best. Lopokova looked like a child and danced like a comic angel.

The triumph of *Façade* should point the Camargo on its right way. Ballet is something more than dancing, it is an intimate mingling of dancing, *décor* and music. Even Pavlova's genius could not reconcile us to the banality of the music and *décor* which she used. In Lambert and Walton, Banting and Armstrong, the Society has found the order of talent required, and the production of *La Création du Monde* shows a readiness for the right sort of importation. I hope that they will gain enough new members to be able to provide a *décor* for every ballet, and I suggest that they explore further the comic element. *The Good-Humoured Ladies* was one of Diaghilev's happiest inventions, and the English genius is particularly rich in humour.

"Le Million"

I hauled a friend to *Le Million* at the Phœnix. She hates films and resists them like a donkey which has made up its mind. And she was completely converted. None of the usual objections served. She may criticise even the best Chaplin films on the ground that they have no structure or beauty, that they are a series of disconnected interludes designed to display the talents of one superb actor. She may feel oppressed by the great Russian films, spectacles of mechanical perfection which eclipse individuality. But here is a film which is close-knit, in which every actor would make a star part in an ordinary film, which is full of beauty and which is not for a moment sentimental; which is uproariously funny, which uses all the old tricks—the chase among the chimneys, the arrest of the hero at the critical moment, the dancing girls, the scenes behind the scenes at the Opera (and such scenery!—you should see them unhooking the moon when the mock *Bohème* is over)—and which uses these well-worn themes with a freshness and spontaneity that makes one wish the delicious harlequinade would go on till midnight. The only snag is the introduction of two Englishmen to explain the plot to those who have no French. But they do their extraneous job in the quickest way and with the minimum of annoyance. All the characters are chosen as ideal representatives of their types—the thieves in dress clothes, the comic policemen, the butchers, the bakers and the candlestick-makers, who clamber from one *étage* to another like an endless frieze—and all are individuals who every now and again become naturally and inevitably part of a chorus singing the jolliest, most happy of tunes, so that one comes out on to the pavement singing about "le boucher, l'épicier," and the rest, to discover with amazement that Charing Cross Road and the tube home and all the every-day bores have blossomed into a ballet and a carnival.

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Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Sunday, May 3rd—
New Symphony and Regal Orchestras, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent and Emmanuel Starkey, Palladium, 3.15.

Monday, May 4th—
"Siegfried," Covent Garden, 5.45.
"Payment Deferred," by Jeffrey Dell, St. James's Theatre.
Dr. A. Compton-Rickett on "The English Drama: Yesterday and To-day" (Oscar Wilde), Gresham College, 6.15.
Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House.

Tuesday, May 5th—
Kreisler, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"The Second Man," by S. N. Behrman, Embassy Theatre.
"Die Fledermaus," Covent Garden, 8.15.
Debate on "Being Unduly Critical," by St. John Ervine and Lady Rhondda, London School of Economics, 5.30.

Wednesday, May 6th—
"Make Up Your Mind," by Xenia Lowinsky, Arts Theatre.
B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Adrian Boult, Queen's Hall, 8.
"Tristan and Isolde," Covent Garden, 7.
Professor Westermarck on "Pagan Survivals in Mohammedan Civilisation," London School of Economics, 5.
Lt.-Gen. Sir George MacMunn on "The North-West Frontier of India," King's College, 5.30.

Thursday, May 7th—
"Der Rosenkavalier," Covent Garden, 7.45.

Friday, May 8th—
"Götterdämmerung," Covent Garden, 5.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE is no satisfactory distinction between "burlesque" and "parody" and Dr. Kitchin in his *A Survey of Burlesque and Parody in English* (Oliver and Boyd, 16s.) does nothing to establish one. In practice most students of literature use the word "burlesque" when they are speaking of compositions that copy, in a low manner, the form of a work of art. Thus *The Battle of the Frogs and Mice* is burlesque; so is *The Splendid Shilling*, so are Scarron's and Cotton's vulgarisations after Virgil, so supremely is *Zuleika Dobson*, in which the very spirit of epic is caught and made servant to comedy. Parody also is an imitation of form, but in it an author's thought and spirit are also presented—only presented irreverently, as in Stephen's sonnet on Wordsworth. Much parody has the ambition to be almost taken for the work of the author parodied; though it must always somewhere betray its real origin, or it passes into pastiche. Yet it is hard to say, with the very best parody, how it differs from its original.

> The men in the little places
> Are wiser than Dean Inge,
> They fasten up their braces
> With godliness and string.

That is not by Mr. Chesterton, but by Mr. E. V. Knox; yet it wears an air of authenticity so true that we might admit it to the Chestertonian canon, were it not for the slightly too fervid eloquence of previous lines—"The little lone fried-fish shops Look upwards to the stars!"

* * *

Dr. Kitchin's is not a good book. His taste is very uncertain; he is painfully repetitive (Whittier's Maud Muller is called at least three times "sweetly sentimental"); he has some serious omissions (the gravest is that of Harry Graham), and there are many annoying mistakes due either to carelessness or faulty proof-correcting. J. B. Cabell appears once as James Cabell Branch; Robert Hichens is always Hitchen; Arthur Quiller-Couch (distinguished apparently from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch) is named amongst the "Cambridge crowd"; Mallock is credited with the authorship of Traill's *The New Lucian*, and his book *The New Republic*, which was published in 1877, is called "a satire on the Decadents," and is discussed at length among "the satires which appeared in the Nineties at the moment when the citadel of decency and commonsense seemed to suitable people to be crumbling." Dr. Kitchin apparently believes Mallock's book to be contemporary with Mr. Street's *Autobiography of a Boy* and Mr. Hichens' *The Green Carnation*. It is very unfair to Mallock, a really brilliant wit, to say "Wilde's published and unpublished talk made the future of these burlesques," for Wilde was only in his third year at Oxford when *The New Republic* was issued. More serious faults are the arrangement of Dr. Kitchin's book, which is neither chronological nor by authors; and his own standards of what constitutes good poetry are so capricious that he is a very poor judge of a good parody.

* * *

I am sorry that a book in many ways so painstaking should be so unsatisfactory, because the general subject of parody is fascinating and has never been treated adequately, either from an historical or a critical standpoint. Burlesque is to me dull. Long poems, wearily improper or painfully funny, on the model of great works are rarely good reading. I would as soon read the serious imitation as those alleged to be comic; and find Blackmore or Glover or Pollok no more fatiguing than Cotton or Phillips. To be effective an impropriety must be sudden and brief; and the only successful burlesques are those in which, like *Joseph Andrews*, the author forgets his original starting-point and sets out vigorously to please himself and us. Parody is a very different business. So far as I know, it is in its great examples almost exclusively English and American. It is criticism, not copying; and its irreverence does not imply any denigration. It is probably a sound rule that all the most successful parodies are those written by men with a sincere admiration for the work at which they are laughing. Dr. Kitchin rightly emphasises the exceptional merit of Max Beerbohm's *A Christmas Garland*, and the only unsuccessful parody in that lovely book is the one on Mr. Kipling, an author for whom Max has a distaste that he has never been able to disguise. Dr. Kitchin does not discuss two books which, in their less exquisite way, can be put beside *A Christmas Garland*—that is St. John Hankin's *Dramatic Endings* and F. Anstey's *Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen*. This last book is one of the really supreme things in parody, for in it Mr. Anstey combines an obvious respect for the great dramatist with an avowed and beautifully controlled amusement at Mr. Archer's versions of the plays. This book and Hankin's are extraordinarily good examples of the parody that works by surprise and familiarity. Anstey's variations on Ibsen's themes, and Hankin's continuations of some of the world's dramatic masterpieces effect their success largely because they combine fidelity to the form of the originals with a daring innovation in their spirit.

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Parody is criticism. It is not surprising that its home should be England. It is a favourite English device to cover (or express) emotion by extreme meiosis, or by indulgence in mockery which attacks at once the enthusiast and that which he admires. It is difficult to object to parody—except when it is unfair—because by doing so one appears to be admitting that the objects of one's admiration cannot stand ridicule. Yet there are moments when we do feel that parody is rather an ignoble art; too often it panders to that shamefaced, essentially stupid temperament that refuses to find anything worthy of admiration or enthusiasm. It can share the fatal disability that belongs to the lampoon; and there are parodies which seem as disgraceful as does Voltaire's *La Pucelle*. I feel that Swinburne's very much over-praised *Heptalogia* comes under this condemnation, except for the admirable parody of Tennyson's metaphysics, and the parody on himself; for none of the other poets pilloried in that book had Swinburne any real admiration, and his savaging of them is not criticism but mere diatribe. The finest kind of parody passes beyond the realm of ridicule and comes under the domain of comedy; examples are always rare—in our own day Evoe produces more than any other author I know; his best parodies read as if the authors to whom he is paying his devoirs had suddenly taken to writing in a humorous vein, and chosen rather unusual subjects. Mr. Knox nearly always escapes the pitfall of pastiche into which Mr. Squire, his most formidable rival, has too often fallen; the perfect parody is something which might have been written by the author parodied, in spite of the fact that the reader feels certain that somehow it is not part of the authorised works. Greatest of all, I suppose, are those books which are not parodies, but in which the spirit of parody is held suspended; and of these we have two supreme examples in English, *The Rape of the Lock* and *Zuleika Dobson*.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

Red Like Crimson. By JANE PARADINE. Putnam. 7s. 6d.
Go Marry. By BRENDAN WILLIAMS. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.
Dear Lovers. By JOHN C. MOORE. Dent. 7s. 6d.
Winter Comedy. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
The Screen. By ANN STOKES. Benn. 7s. 6d.
The Free Trapper. By FRANK B. LINDERMAN. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

Frankly, it is with some dismay that I open a book to find it starting off with one of those filmy memories of how the flowers on the nursery table were just out of the author's infant reach, how the vase upset and the biscuits were soaked and a very large nurse was very angry. But Mrs. Paradine, in her misleadingly titled book, *Red Like Crimson*, handles the nursery and schoolroom with a difference. She casts that most elusive of spells, the charm of remembered childhood, successfully from the sixth birthday on which the book opens, and holds it unfailingly, with never a false touch, throughout ten or twelve years. How she has done so it would be hard to say. For one thing, she has not really made a set novel of what is surely just a winding stream of memory; for another, she has eschewed that rather forced, naïve impressionism that usually makes the chronicle of childhood boring. And the result is a perfect little gallery of portraits and *genre* pictures from the last Victorian decade.

Any enlightened practitioner of the science of modern parenthood will see at a glance that these children of the country parsonage were doomed to misery and warped lives. They were made to confess their sins; they were actually punished; they were taken to see a dead baby in a village home; and the "red-like-crimson" of the title was the name they gave to the screen which their mother had set up to separate males from females at bed-time:

> We kept a sharp look-out on each other, and accusations of having looked round, and counter-accusations of having peeped, marred the peace of the nursery. The first time a child was really convicted of having looked round, and had been whipped and put back to bed, the seriousness of old Red-like-Crimson was brought home to us. It was not to be an inverted game of I-spy, but a new sin which had suddenly appeared among us.

Of course, of course. . . . But were they wretched, afraid, twisted, vengeful? Apparently not. And how will the subtler little tyrannies of the new pedagogy look when realised and recalled by its products forty years hence? Mrs. Paradine's main triumph, however, must surely be the portrait of Mrs. Tudor, the mother; and the deftest of her touches, the little closing scene of the widower with his atlas after her death.

Go Marry is a very different curiosity. It is a flimsy, superficial, staccato little novel, and it has the odd, brief vitality of those little wads of action photographs which you flicker over with your thumb if you are concerned with improving your style in lawn tennis or diving. It is a study of exasperated female sensuality during a London heat-wave: background—a large office above the burning pavements of Kingsway, the "digs" of typists, an up-river bungalow in the still, apparently, intoxicating neighbourhood of Maidenhead; characters—three young typists and a bunch of singularly unpleasant males of the employer class. Twenty-odd years ago some such horrifying exposure of stenographic morals—assuming that it could have been printed at all—would certainly have sent long shudders down the solid backbone of England. "Are Typists Chaste?"—the question would have perturbed, clandestinely but terribly, a million parlours. To-day it won't. But that is not really because we cannot be shocked; it is simply because one doesn't for a moment suppose that these young ladies, perpetually petting and necking and bedding, with spots of gin on high stools to help them through the weary day, are in the least representative. Individually they may exist, these persons, in more or less the terms of Miss Williams's portraiture; and their pawing male counterparts likewise. So, if you wish to know just how things are worked in riverside bungalows, and on the way there in the rich bounder's Isotta; how innocent Vera rebelled against home and a good fiancé, embraced the Broader View of Life in one summer's night, and was later restored to suburbia with a high temperature in a private ambulance; how Kraft-Ebbing is the Business Girl's vade-mecum, kept hard by the gas-cooker in the Victoria (*scilicet* Pimlico) "digs"—Miss Williams will breathlessly oblige. If you are not, *Go Marry* may safely be passed over.

Its lingering trail of cheap scent, however, can be dispelled by a modest novel with a good deal of charm, and some deep feeling for the English country and for the lovers who live there, not in bungalows, but in small and struggling farms: Mr. Moore's *Dear Lovers* rings true nearly all the time. Young Martin Rooke took over the tenancy of his dead father's farm under a harsh conjunction of stars. He was barely one-and-twenty; Hillend Farm was a tough proposition in the best of times; the times were just about the worst—to wit, nineteen twenty-nine; his landlord was a newcomer, with a determination to make both ends of his property meet, as those of his previous businesses always had done; and, to complicate matters, young Martin was deeply in love with Hazel. To marry her—and that was what they both wanted—looked like being a seven years' labour of Hercules. Marriage seemed to be receding farther and farther into the dull thirties—and Martin and Hazel (to quote the book's wrapper) "drifted into the obvious alternative." Hillend struggled hard, but only sank deeper into the bog. Gossip took a hand; and the outraged conventions found a peculiarly rasping voice in the person of Lady Parity, the rich landlord's wife. One *deus*, however, did appear *ex machina*, and in the end saved the young lovers, only just in time. The most hardened reader will be glad. For Mr. Moore has a really pleasing gift for the sympathetic drawing of simple character, and an understanding of the countryside and its people quite unwarped by any literary mood or fashion. To feel that quality one need only point to the fresh, free zest of the few pages describing the young lovers following the local hunt on foot, or, in a different key, to the glimpses of character at the village dance.

For good or ill, the scent of honeysuckle gives place, with Miss Sylvia Thompson's *Winter Comedy*, to more sophisticated, bath-salty perfumes. For here we are, on the lawn of Mrs. Jane Krebs's country mansion, and a footman, "anaemic and chronically surprised, in Jane's yellow livery," is bringing a whisky and soda to Mr. Peter Stanley, author of biographies of Guizot and Melbourne, and thinking also of another of Pascal. We are, in fact, more or less in—though hardly of—the county. But there will be excursions to the Crillon and Montparnasse and a terribly seductive studio up in Town. In fact, it is going to be rather heady. As, indeed, it was bound to be in the orbit of Jane Krebs's influence: she had a very rich and largely absentee husband, and a good-sized brood of children, but she swung on trapezes, retained vitality, youth, and an American way of prefacing her sillier remarks with "Hell!"—and didn't deny that infidelity was much more than just a sideline in her life. All of which turned out to be strangely and imperceptibly unsettling to her friend and neighbour Caroline Vernon. Caroline had six years of contented and uneventful marriage behind her when Peter Stanley arrived; he had been her husband's fag at Eton, but charred sausages left no feelings of mistrust between them, and the not unfamiliar triangle began to take shape. The resolving of that triple chord is Miss Thompson's main problem; and on the whole, in spite of a certain jerkiness of narration in her comedy, she does so in an interesting way. Once they had committed themselves—by a kiss, no more—Caroline and Peter decided that theirs was a case for frank admission and a mutual, "civilised" recognition of the situation by all three concerned, and Maurice was duly informed by wife and lover. He accepted. But why the new structure failed to be tolerable, and how Caroline (an attractively difficult creature) kept true to the tripartite treaty but was untrue—once and once only—to her marriage vows elsehow, makes up the main interest of *Winter Comedy*. As a study of human character under these particular stresses, the book scores a good number of scattered points; but as a novel the pattern tends to become fogged by an excessive working-over of the successive stages in the affair. In fact, it only just manages to sustain the weight of its 350 pages, and a more tautly disciplined narrative would have made the real perspicacity of the book more obvious, in spite of the often forced cleverness of its tone.

A triangle serves Miss Ann Stokes as the prelude to her novel, *The Screen*. And the prelude promises well. It tells how Owen Boucher, an Irish poet, became the lover of Mollie Holborough, was "out" in the Easter Rising, and was killed in cold blood—though seemingly in the confusions of the time—by Mollie's deceived husband. But the fourteen-year-old daughter, Virginia Holborough, saw what had happened that evening behind the peacock screen; she knew what her father had done, and he *almost* knew she knew . . . Problem—what happened to Virginia and her father in the years that followed? It is quite well set. But the psycho-analytic threads are crudely handled: the sight of a screen almost always upset her, and "seeing two peacocks trailing their beauties in a Devonshire garden, she was

shaken with anguish." And the later complication of anonymous letters which finally bring Holborough back to the inevitable use of his revolver is sadly lacking in conviction. There is, too, a terrible bore named Randolf Smith who dictates endless best-sellers (more than a hundred) of the Wallace school, but is at heart a preventer of cruelty to animals, "a clean, kind, contented creature with pity for a lost dog, an injured cat, a sick old horse." If one is disappointed by *The Screen*, it is because Miss Stokes has a useful gift of unfolding a fairly complex story, but is indiscriminating in her choice of essential characters.

To round off, a plunge into the wide open spaces. *The Free Trapper* is good stuff of its kind—Montana Territory, trappers and traders, Indians and the love of an Indian girl—all calculated to kindle the correct glow of yearning after a rude paradise lost. Lige Mounts is made to tell his own story of how, as a lad, he answered to the *Appeal to Enterprising Young Men* posted in a St. Louis window one hundred years ago, announcing that its subscriber was anxious "to engage one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for one, two, or three years. . . ." And he carries it forward from that alluring start, with many a "mebby" and "I heerd," with plenty of speed, spirit, and convincing (even documented) detail. Mr. Linderman occasionally seems to touch a slightly too literary note in his presentation of Lige's story, but so seldom as hardly to matter. In any case, he married the girl.

PROTEUS.

THE MYTHS AND MYSTERIES OF MEDICINE

Sixty Centuries of Health and Physick: the Progress of Ideas from Primitive Magic to Modern Medicine. By S. G. BLAXLAND STUBBS and E. W. BLIGH. Sampson Low. 15s.

The authors of this book present for lay consumption an outline of the evolution of medical ideas, rather than a collection of historical incidents. It is doubtful, however, if such a volume can have other than entertainment value for those not intimately acquainted with present-day doctrine; nor does there seem much basis for the contention of Sir Humphrey Rolleston, who introduces the authors to their readers, that a study of its history is essential to a comprehension of the modern art of medicine, based, as it theoretically is, on physiological knowledge nearly all of recent acquisition. Nevertheless, this work not only will afford the reader a fund of often amusing information, but may also healthily stimulate his sceptical faculty. Not that its compilation has made the authors cynical. On the contrary, a somewhat more critical attitude on their part towards the boasted "victories of contemporary medicine" would have given the book a vigour, the lack of which makes its effect at times a little soporific. They are too ready to believe—to quote their concluding words—"that it is solely through the agency of the devoted practitioner that 'Health comes with healing in her wings.'"

Progress is a much misused and a greatly over-used word. In connection with the art of medicine, its only intelligent implication is an increasing control of the course of disease; and, when we come in cold blood to look at the actual facts, it is simply amazing that, after all these thousands of years of study and experience, present-day practitioners of curative medicine—as distinct from surgery (which is specifically excluded from this history)—can, except in the case of a very few diseases, do little more in the way of alleviation or cure than could the doctors of ancient Cos. The fact is that true medical doctrine, consciously founded on sound physiological knowledge, is a new thing; and, in actual practice, medicine is still nine-tenths folk-lore and but one-tenth science. Even to-day the relation between physiology and the medical art is rarely taught or even implied in the course of conventional medical education. Yet it was more than two thousand years ago that attention was first drawn to the fact that it is only by virtue of the natural recuperative faculties within us that disease can be overcome and the body healed. This axiom is ever on the lips of medical oracles, and on the obverse of the title-page of medical text-books; but, until quite lately, few doctors seem to have regarded is as more than a pious utterance of the Father of Medicine. Not that in any event, before the seventeenth century, much practical use could have been made of it; for Harvey's great discovery was the first important revelation of the inner workings of the human body, and over a century passed before further comparable additions were made to physiological knowledge. In short, the actual practice of medicine, regarded historically, has been—and for the most part still is—as Samuel Butler said of life, "like playing a violin solo in public, and learning the instrument as one goes on."

Until a very few years ago medical treatment was based almost entirely on empiric experience; that is, on old wives' wisdom. It cannot be too clearly understood that scientific medicine is still in its early infancy; and that little of it is more than a century old. It is sometimes said that lay interest in problems of health and in the symptoms of disease is a new phenomenon; but things seem to have been much the same in ancient times. Thus we find the Assyrian physician Arad-Nana giving the king full details of the pathological state of the eye of a patient in whom the king was interested, and an account of the treatment which he was adopting. Likewise, when the king himself had an attack of rheumatism, with the progress of which he was dissatisfied, his doctor thought it necessary to reply to repeated complaints that he did not understand the case, or know how to cure it, with elaborate minutiæ both pathological and therapeutic.

When we read of the hygienic culture of Minoan Crete and of the medical philosophy of ancient Greece, and then consider the state of medicine and of sanitary practice throughout Europe in the centuries following the fall of Rome, we realise how fluctuating is the course of real progress. It is, in fact, only by contemplating successive chronological ages as separate and almost unrelated entities that the idea of progress seems to have any meaning at all. The phaseological method of the late Dr. Muller-Lyer seems, indeed, as applicable to the study of medical history as to that of any other branch of sociology. The authors a little too readily take it for granted that the early dissociation of medicine from religion and, later, from philosophy (the credit for which latter divorce is attributed by Celsus to Hippocrates) is pure and unqualified gain. After all, the problem of health, in any complete sense, is one with which both religion and philosophy are intimately concerned. It is true that the segregation of the material or unspiritual aspect of the problem made for a considerable clarifying of thought and a simplifying of practice; but there is a very strong feeling in many reflective minds to-day that further progress along these over-specialised lines is difficult, if not impossible; and that religion, philosophy, and what we may call non-chemical biology must be again incorporated with our physiology if we are to understand aright the phenomena which make up the signs of health and of disease.

There is food for reflection in this piece of practical doctrine from ancient Egypt: "Whoever treats a sick person has two equally important duties to perform. He must first discover the nature of the spirit in possession and, if necessary, drive it out. He must then use drugs and diet to contend with the disorders which the presence of the strange being has produced in the body."

HARRY ROBERTS.

THE U-BOATS

The German Submarine War, 1914-1918. By R. H. GIBSON and MAURICE PRENDERGAST. Constable. 36s.

The sting of this book resides not so much in the body of its record as in its graphic excrescences and its tail, which contains an exhaustive and probably final numerical survey of the German submarine terror. The authors have been at pains to round up every U-boat which was active between 1914 and 1918. Statistically, nothing more remains to be done, and naval historians will no doubt be grateful for the care and competence of this work, which contains the first complete published account of the Austro-Hungarian submarine flotillas. But it is unfortunately true that naval historians are not the only persons who should still display a vital interest in submarines. The horrors of the War years mercifully recede, but it is as necessary to remember some things as it is to forget others. The common reader will, therefore, be well advised to ponder the numerical eloquence of such a passage as this:

> The submarines sank 11,153,000 tons of shipping. Of this colossal total, Britain's loss was 2,099 ships of 6,635,059 tons gross, with 12,723 civilian lives, and 578 fishing craft of 57,583 tons (with 98 fisherfolk) sunk by submarine; and 259 British merchant ships of 673,417 tons, with 1,493 lives, sunk by mines (not all laid by submarines), and 63 fishing vessels of 8,545 tons, with 332 lives, mined. Submarines damaged 1,727 British ships of 7,335,827 tons, resulting in a loss of another 512 lives; and mines injured 84 ships of 432,446

tons, with 64 lives lost. When to these huge totals are added vessels sunk and molested by cruisers, ocean raiders and aircraft, as well as the ever-present toll of marine risk . . . the British total is increased to about 9,055,000 tons gross.

Or, by looking at the graph of monthly shipping losses, he may note that it rose from 311,000 tons in November, 1916, to 881,000 tons in April, 1917, before declining to 289,000 tons in November, 1917. That peak is a warning as well as a terrible memory. The authors draw no conclusion from it. They have a good deal to say about the infamy of certain aspects of the unrestricted U-boat campaign. But they never have the temerity to suggest that mankind in general would do well to abandon his efforts to imitate the fish. And as long as the validity of this conclusion is in question, their numerical demonstration of the only tangible result of such effort is profoundly valuable.

Mr. Gibson and Mr. Prendergast pay the reader the doubtful compliment of assuming that he knows how a submarine works. This unfortunately makes the book less eloquent in words than in numbers. Its narrative would have been more intelligible, without losing in dignity, if a simple explanation of the technical conditions of submarine warfare, and of the measures taken to grapple with it, had been given. The authors set themselves the formidable task of combining (*a*) an account of German diplomacy as affected by the submarine question ; (*b*) a general narrative of the growth of U-boat activity and the struggle to counter it, and (*c*) a running commentary on particular incidents of submarine warfare. The main narrative is impeded by the mass of detail, and the running commentary is, with some fine exceptions, monotonous. There is, however, a clear and ably argued reading of the main course of events. The first stage was characterised on the German side by a growing comprehension of the malign power of a weapon which they had grasped but slackly in 1914, and a hesitation as to the lengths to which it should be put. Nothing went right for the Allies : mines refused to go off, the Straits of Dover refused to close, decoy and camouflage were disappointing, and patrols, dissipated in large areas under diverse commands, were set an impossible task. The period closes at the end of 1916 with the German decision to gamble on starving the Allies into submission by six months of ruthless sinkings. Fortunately, with Jellicoe at Whitehall, our resistance stiffened just in time to master the maximum German effort. Convoys, depth-charges, mines were at last successful. The straits were closed, the hunters gradually became the hunted, and by the end of 1917 it was clear that, whoever won the War, the U-boats would not decide the conflict. Henceforward, the authors have much that is just and illuminating to remark on the gradual deterioration of the submarine effort, accelerated as it was by the nervous exhaustion of the crews.

THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Savage Messiah. By H. S. EDE. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Henri Gaudier was killed in 1915, at Neuville St. Vaast, at the age of twenty-three. It is not too much to assert that, had he lived, he would have been among the foremost sculptors of our time ; already he had given more than the promise of genius. After his death, Mr. Ezra Pound wrote a book, perhaps rather tendencious in its theory of art, which yet gave an adequate account of the man and his work. Since then, a new literary fashion has arisen, of which Gaudier has become the unhappy victim. Whether to bolster up lack of invention on the part of the novelist, or to impart artificial excitement to the narrative of the biographer, a hybrid form of biographical fiction, or of fictionary biography, as one will, has been evolved. The success of the inventors of this amalgam has led inevitably to a glut of second-rate imitations ; among them *Savage Messiah* provides a remarkable example of the wrong way to make a book.

So far as it is possible to trace any fixed purpose in its composition, it is an account of the relationship between Henri Gaudier and Sophie Brzeska. Its sources are Miss Brzeska's journal and letters written to her by Gaudier, and these are eked out with scraps of gossip, imaginary conversations, and attempts by an incompetent hand at a pastiche of D. H. Lawrence. The impression left by the book as a whole is one of Constant Nymphomania. Once again we are told the story of the wayward young artist and the mistress, though in the manner of the Heartsease Novel throughout the ages we are never clearly told whether she was his mistress or not. The reader's curiosity on this point, however, is not likely to exceed the author's. The Heartsease element is altogether up to date, with appropriate studio setting and tentatively daring paragraphs about beds and prostitutes and erotic dreams. Unimportant physiological details, which might have been shocking twenty years ago, are brought out with an air of specious candour ; psychological relevancies are ignored. Neither Gaudier nor Miss Brzeska emerge as living characters in spite of such attempts at real life on the author's part as these :

> He would arrive early, while Miss Brzeska lay on her bed, a practice which helped her to digest her dinner. . . .
>
> Sophie was lying on her bed, and Henri, who sat in a chair by her side, got up every now and then tenderly to caress her mouth or her forehead with his lips. Although Sophie had never allowed him the passionate kisses of a lover, she did not feel that she need refuse him the indulgence of this small caress which he seemed so much to need. . . .
>
> "What do you mean, a bed ? Are we not two ?" cried Josik.
>
> "Yes, but I will sleep in a hammock. . . ."

It seems hardly worth ransacking, or scavenging among, the papers of a hapless woman who died insane and unable to dispose of her property, in order to bring to light such gems of biography.

Of Gaudier the artist the book tells us no more than we can learn from a few immature letters of his, which are reproduced. They contain many banal personalia, which might well have been excised, in the course of whose quotation Mr. Ede's courage suddenly deserts him, so that he shelters behind the original French. They are written with the enthusiasm and pomposity of youth awaking to consciousness of its powers and laying down the law to an admirer. They are full of condemnation of abstraction, praise of Rodin, and reiteration that sculpture is a matter of mass, as opposed to line. They have the interest of all accounts of an artist's beginning, but they cease before Gaudier attained the full exercise of his talent. We learn practically nothing of the creative influences of the later years. T. E. Hulme, for instance, should surely have received more mention than a footnote and Mr. Pound not have been so scantily dismissed, while *Blast* and the Vorticist group also called for attention. But to this Mr. Ede would perhaps reply that he is merely writing a novel, a new *Malheurs de Sophie*, in which case it seems a pity that he should have attached the names of living, and once living, people to his amorphous characters. Never can author have been so greatly the victim of his form, or fiction and biography have been so uncomfortably wedded.

At any rate, Mr. Ede is a master of the bedside manner in literature. He regales us not only with accounts of the couchings of his protagonists, but also with those of their acquaintance. We are told that for a time Henri Gaudier and Sophie Brzeska were friendly with Mr. Middleton Murry and the late Katherine Mansfield, of whom we are given the following peeps :

> In exchange, Katherine Mansfield told her own experience, which ended with these words.
>
> "And then we got into this bed and we laughed and we laughed and we laughed without stopping, and since that time we have always slept together. But perhaps I am scandalizing you by talking of such things."
>
> "Not at all," said Pik. "We have already slept together." . . .
>
> Henri felt sorry for Murry, who seemed to be entirely in the hands of Katherine Mansfield, who made love to him all the time, until he was squeezed dry.

It is not interesting to know whether this is truth or fiction ; but it would be interesting to know what conceivable purpose the author is attempting to serve in recounting it. It is perhaps most charitable to regard him as a victim of that modern malady castitaphobia, which is a form of dangerous reaction from the old Victorian prudery. A cold in the eye, caught at keyholes, is one of its symptoms. In literature it leads to irrelevancy, nausea and dullness.

T. W. EARP.

THE GREAT PROCONSUL

Strafford. By LADY BURGHCLERE. Two vols. Macmillan. 30s.

Not to be interested in Strafford argues oneself uninteresting. He is one of those great men whom it is impossible to ignore, and who rouse the same passions, centuries after their death, as they aroused when alive. Sides will probably continue to be taken, for or against him, while history continues to be studied ; he may be detested or he may be loved, but we cannot be indifferent to him. We know how his career was ever before the eyes of Bismarck, as an example and as a warning : and so long as there are men who, like Bismarck, believe in efficiency, so long will Strafford have his admirers ; while those who

prefer self-government to good government will take a different view.

Despite these inevitable shiftings of judgment, however, it is probable that we have got entirely rid of the too simple old Whig view, that which regarded Strafford as the mere apostate, the incarnation of deliberate tyranny, the fallen Lucifer. We can realise that he stood for an ideal, and one which to a noble mind might appear as noble. He has left us his confession of faith. "Subjects ought with solicitous eyes of jealousy to watch over the prerogatives of the Crown: the authority of a king is the keystone which closeth up the arch of order and government." On the other hand, "princes are to be indulgent nursing fathers to their people, whose modest liberties, whose sober rights, ought to be precious in their eyes." Every word of this creed would have been endorsed by Pym himself, the difference being solely, but most importantly, a matter of emphasis.

It was when Wentworth became the ruler of Ireland that he had an opportunity of putting these principles into practice: and Lady Burghclere's admirable book shows clearly—in many details for the first time—with what determination and incorruptible enthusiasm he toiled at his task. Ireland was the exact sphere for such paternal government, and it is impossible for a fair mind to deny that Wentworth was the man of the time and the place. Not a single example of tyranny, unless it be tyranny to crush tyrants, can be proved against him. He was the saviour of the oppressed, and the common people heard him gladly. But every tyrant whom he crushed became his enemy, and he laboured under the fatal difficulty that he was not the actual king. There were courts of appeal in London, and strings at Whitehall which those whose rapacity he had checked knew well how to pull. He had foes in the royal household, who listened to every complaint, and undermined his influence in every way. Nothing is better in Lady Burghclere's book than her description of the intrigues of the Queen's party, to whom Strafford was like St. Paul to the masters of the Pythoness, a destroyer of their hopes of gain. The king himself, weak, vacillating, tactless, and tortuous, was Pharaoh, a broken reed. When Strafford was setting out for Dublin, he extorted a promise from Charles that Irish revenues should not be used to satiate English cupidity. No sooner had his indomitable energy brought some order into the finances, than Charles, pestered by claimants ever at his elbow, demanded ten thousand pounds for the Earl of Nithsdale.

Nor was Charles the only king. England was far from being Sparta, but she resembled Sparta in having a double monarchy. On the other side was King Pym, into whose ears the "disgruntled" victims of Wentworth's integrity, careless as to the stick so long as they could hurt their enemy, poured unceasing complaints. Pym is not to be blamed if he imagined that Ireland was England, and that what would have been tyranny here was tyranny there. He listened eagerly to every scrap of evidence, true, false, worthless, valuable, and stored it up for the day of reckoning.

When the final struggle came, Strafford's story is the *alte geschichte* of the faithful servant of an incapable master. Although, perhaps, he had in his long absence come to make the converse of Pym's error, and to regard England as an Ireland, he gave almost uniformly good advice, which, if taken, might have saved the king, but which was rarely taken, and when taken was never followed out. In one respect, unquestionably, he showed less than his usual wisdom. Hatred is seldom a good guide. He hated the Scots, and let them know that he hated them. It is not well to arouse anger beyond the Border; and still less so when the Border has been crossed.

As for his trial, which Lady Burghclere describes with clearness and high eloquence, the hateful injustice of it must not blind us to its real secret—that fear which is always at the root of reigns of terror. All lawyers will certainly agree with Selden, that there was no evidence justifying a charge of treason: and the majority of the Lords were clearly of that opinion. There remained but one recourse, the ancient, detestable, but recognised weapon of attainder: the confession that law has failed and that a state of war is proclaimed. Here, possibly, it is open to doubt whether Lady Burghclere's usual impartiality has not for a moment deserted her. Seeing clearly, as she does, that the attainder was an act of violence, she perhaps does not realise sufficiently that when war has begun you must destroy your enemy, or he will destroy you. Reconciliation, and even compromise, being thenceforward out of the question, it appears as if the dictum of Essex, "Stone dead hath no fellow," contains a good modicum of worldly wisdom. Macaulay is not usually right in this controversy, but he is certainly right when he says that the Roundheads had sound reason, a year or two later, to congratulate themselves that the fiery energy of Strafford was no longer to be feared.

If, however, we disagree on this point with Lady Burghclere, we sympathise fully with her indignation against the traitors in Strafford's own camp who gave him up to the wolves. Pym was an open enemy, and may be respected; he, like Strafford, had his principles, and put them into practice. But for the great Earl's real murderers, those whose petty devices and selfish intrigues, if they did not actually kill him, at least refused "to strive officiously to keep alive," the verdict of history can be but one of unmitigated contempt. With the harassed king one may feel sympathy: with them, none.

Meanwhile, since space is limited, we must content ourselves with recommending all who wish to understand one of the most fascinating characters in our annals to study Lady Burghclere's book.

E. E. KELLETT.

GERMANY AND THE NEW ASCETICISM

Modern Germanies. By CICELY HAMILTON. Dent. 7s. 6d.

The author of *Modern Germanies* has written a sprightly survey of the new features of the Reich and illustrated it with excellent photographs. She insists rightly on what she terms the "cult of the bare," the scrapping of superfluous ornament and the return to austerity in every department of German life, in dress, in architecture, and in the mode of living; yet she has failed to discern its importance in three aspects which are fundamental to the whole situation. These sins of omission are grave, and typical of an English observer. The three aspects are: the problem of the Eastern frontier, the problem of Religion, and the problem of the Land. These are the clues to Germany's future, and they are inseparable from one another.

The question of the Eastern frontier is usually regarded in England as a political affair, a matter of historical justice or economic expediency. This is a misleading view. Upon Germany's access to the East the structure of Christendom has depended. Geographically the Asiatic Steppe extends as far as the River Elbe. East of the Elbe, the Germans have been colonisers ever

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since the time of Charlemagne. At the behest of the Christian Church the German Emperors drove back and assimilated the Slavic tribes which had filled up the vacuum left by the Völkerwanderung; Cistercian monks and Knights of the German Order colonised Prussia, calling in Saxon and Flemish peasants and craftsmen to clear the forests, drain the marshes and till the soil in their wake. Church and chivalry worked in undisturbed accord; labour and religion were one. The faith which enabled these tiny bands of soldier-priests to press through the Lithuanian jungle and to found the cities of Memel, Riga, Reval and Narva, was a holy one dedicated to the highest ends. The drive of the colonising peasants, and later of the trading Hansa, was economic, yet still impelled by this original religious initiative. Against the successive shocks of Hunnish, Tartar, Mongol and Turkish invasions, the Germans made defence along these eastern frontiers and, doing so, felt the solidarity of the entire Christian chivalry behind them. Thus the Slavic-Tartar East became the Christian portion of the German people, its field of expansion and colonisation.

Young Germany, believing all this, sees the salvation of the Germans in a return to this traditional civilising mission. It realises that service in the East, and this means for the present, in the impoverished eastern provinces of the Reich, can only be fulfilled in the spirit of religion and sacrifice. The condition of religion is the existence of *danger*; and danger, the danger of chaos, of Slavic inertia, of reversion of fertile territory to steppe and morass, is in the East. Hence the recolonisation of the sparsely populated eastern provinces is inseparably bound up with religion and with a return to the land. Peasant culture, as opposed to the Russian or American agrarian industrialism, is dependent on religious foundations. A return to the land can only ensue under the guidance of a spiritual élite, an aristocracy of men pledged to sacrifice. This is the aim of the true Jugendbewegung. Here is an issue of European importance. An Eastward orientation for Germany would bring release from the dreary tension along the Rhine which still so absorbs the attention of writers such as Miss Hamilton. English travellers still think of Germany in terms of the Rhineland, Bavaria and the Black Forest. They wholly ignore the vigorous, stark, bare Germany of the East and North-East: Silesia, Pomerania, East Prussia.

At present the Roman Catholic Church, which holds the scales of German politics, is the only agent capable of equalising strains in the Reich. Its chief power lies in the South and West. The new Germany beyond the Elbe is not Catholic. The Reformation cannot be said to have brought it health and renewal; on the contrary, it was the Reformation which broke the back of the German colonial impulse, which ruined the most fundamental of all German causes. German Protestantism is to-day a shrivelled plant. It will need a new religious dispensation to revive North-Eastern Germany. The East is a symbol of bareness: hence its magnetic power of attraction for the young. But this youth is as yet but a tiny minority amid the mass of Germans. The impulse stirring in it confronts a world of difficulties. To overcome them young Germany will need a long period of devout preparation; without assistance from elsewhere it may not have the courage to seek this. To no small extent it depends upon the English, upon ourselves.

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A KOREAN SAGA

The Grass Roof. By YOUNGHILL KANG. Scribner. 10s. 6d.

The author of this book is a young Korean of scholarly stock, and his name, in its Western disguise, Younghill Kang, seems a little inappropriate for the blender of this lovely pot-pourri of Eastern petals gathered up tenderly as they fell before the Western wind. It would be possible to read this book as a romance; but it is in fact a great deal more than a romance, and it seems to have the authenticity and much of the dignity of a national saga.

The book escapes from the charge of being propaganda by its strong autobiographical strain. The sincerity of this is never in doubt, and in it we can see the environment affecting the hero differently at different times and seasons. Yet, because a Korean writer seeks less to create than to express or to appropriate expression to external event, we can see, too, in the changing moods of this rather precocious child (he is a child for most of the book), son of Han of Song-Dune-Chi, the village of the pine trees, the changing, uncertain striving of a nation, sometimes for national independence, sometimes for the right to develop, within the Empire, its own cultural heritage. *The Grass Roof* is largely the story of village life in "up-country" Korea, and it conveys both the beauty of the scene and the worth and dignity of the civilisation and also a sense of the gradual awakening to national consciousness of the whole Korean Peninsula after the Russo-Japanese War and up to the revolution and thereafter.

The book is also a delightful picture of childhood in an almost perfect setting, where only the swollen stream is angry, and that not often; it is a naïvely touching story of the escape, thrice prevented and punished but ultimately successful, of the author from Korea to America, to master there this Western learning for the good of his own people. The English, in places, is unusual; this is partly due to the American University jargon which slips in now and then, and partly to the inadequacy of our language to encompass Eastern metaphor. On the whole, however, the delicacy and directness of thought illumines the language, and in some ways *The Grass Roof* is a great book, as significant to the artist as to the moralist, a biography of more than individual interest and a national psalm which rises as far above nationalism as does the figure of Deirdre above Irish independence, or of Ulenspiegel above Flemish language propaganda.

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The Odyssey of an Out-of-Work. By TERENCE HORSLEY. Lane. 7s. 6d.

This book is the result of the collaboration of two men: Mr. Horsley, whose name appears on the title-page, and an anonymous unemployed man whose story was taken down "almost word for word" by Mr. Horsley. The book seems to owe most of its qualities to the real author, whoever he is, and it is a pity that he has not disclosed himself. He has produced a very candid and unself-conscious piece of autobiography, which is also a vivid picture of the underworld of down-and-outs and professional tramps. The personality of the author is expressed in his adventures and occasional reflections on life, and the result is an admirably balanced narrative.

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impossible to get work, with £5 and a razor in his pocket, tramped from Glasgow to London, and after three weeks in London tramped all the way back. He slept in lodging-houses where the price of a bed was sevenpence and of a meal fourpence. He interviewed employers, stood in queues, slept on the Embankment and in St. Martin's crypt, talked with tramps, thieves and men unemployed like himself. At the end of it he had found one job for which he was paid seven and sixpence, and the offer of another—handing a hat round a theatre queue. And yet he is never bitter or sentimental about it, not even hopeless, though an occasional subdued reflection—as when he says that he stood on a hill overlooking the lights of a factory at evening, happy merely at the sight of them, and then turned to see the dark factory beyond—is profoundly moving. His cheerfulness is never put on; he sees the comic rags of poverty with an understanding which is realistic and sympathetic. The tramp standing on a pavement on the outskirts of a town, "getting the feel of it"; the dilapidated men in a public reading-room standing on one leg like melancholy storks, or leaning automatically against the cold radiator; the kip-house beds with each bedfoot firmly implanted in a boot to prevent theft: every detail in the book conveys this sense of the ironic-pathetic life of the poor. The chapter describing his three weeks in London, with the glow of Christmas in the middle of it, is an admirable piece of writing. The quality of the book is difficult to give in quotations because it belongs rather to the book as a whole—a fine spirited quality, open, courageous and realistic. *The Odyssey of an Out-of-Work* succeeds in its intention of bringing back a personal significance to "this word unemployment which has been used for so long as a catchword and a whip by Governments, Trade Unions, ministers of religion and stage comedians." It succeeds so well and so personally that one hopes the author will write more about himself.

SHORTER NOTICES

European Encounters: a Travel Note-Book. By HUBERT GRIFFITH. Lane. 8s. 6d.

This note-book is the outcome of a hurried tour in Europe as a newspaper's special correspondent. In two and a half months Mr. Griffith visited Berlin, Riga, Cracow, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade and Constantinople. His book is anything but pretentious, and if many passages betray their origin in the necessity to find articles in everything, they do at least deal gracefully with the kind of surface triviality all travellers meet. No one can expect to drink in the whole character of a city in a day or two, and Mr. Griffith disarmingly admits that all new towns appear bleak and friendless. There are exceptions: in Vienna he is able to describe the striking new developments in housing and education. Constantinople, with its Eastern savagery and beauty, goads his pen to spirited protest and appreciation. And his very haste has its advantage, for the bird's-eye view reveals to him a recurrent motive. "My quarrel with half the nations of Eastern Europe has been that one cannot go into a café without tumbling over someone or other's sword." This leads Mr. Griffith to a passionate plea for a United States of Europe, to ensure the abolition of the war mind.

The Intelligence of Animals. By FRANCES PITT. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

Miss Pitt favours the view that the measure of any animal's intelligence is its capacity to adapt itself to a novel environment, whether it be a phase of its own wild life, or domestication, or semi-domestication. A fox being hunted is in a novel environment closely allied to its wild life, and on this subject the author writes well, although her knowledge is limited by the necessarily superficial nature of her observations. It is different when Miss Pitt treats of domesticated ducks and peafowl; of the latter, she tells some extremely interesting anecdotes which not only illustrate the nature of peafowl, rather neglected by writers on domesticated birds, but also give a few jolts to the pleasant theory of the charm the ornamentation of the male casts upon the female. Coming to the more familiar animals, the horse, the cow and the pig, the author becomes quite iconoclastic and, while her contention that the cow is more intelligent than the horse (the pig being no fool either) is backed by a deal of observed fact, it is really hard to accept. As a whole the volume is a tribute to Miss Pitt's undoubted powers of observation and, what is more, to her talent of presenting in most readable form the results of her serious and patient watchings.

War and Peace. Vol. I. Translated by LOUISE and AYLMER MAUDE. With an Introduction by HUGH WALPOLE. Tolstoy Centenary Edition. Oxford University Press. 189s. the set of 21 volumes.

Mr. Aylmer Maude apologises in a note to this volume for the slowness with which the Tolstoy Centenary Edition is being completed. He need hardly have done so because the amount of work which has been put into the translation and annotation of these volumes must have been terrific, and we should be willing to wait a long time for any edition as "definitive" as the present one. *War and Peace* is the greatest of Tolstoy's books and Mr. Maude has taken particular care to use the text which Tolstoy finally intended to be used: a number of corrections which by oversight were omitted from S. A. Tolstoy's 1886 edition have been restored. The present translation is probably as near as we shall ever get to Tolstoy's own words, and one can have nothing but praise for the fluency and self-effacement of the translators. Such notes as are essential to understanding the book have been collected in an appendix; a few footnotes have been added explaining eccentricities of pronunciation or speech. The edition as a whole has two faults: the print though clear is abominably small; and the introductions are not the best that could be had.

The Writings of A. E. Coppard. By JACOB SCHWARTZ. Ulysses Bookshop. 21s.

It is the business of a bibliography to be bibliographically impeccable; and Mr. Schwartz' is not. On the back of the bastard title-page it is stated "This edition is limited to 650 copies, 600 for sale and fifty for presentation, all signed by A. E. Coppard, of which this is No. —." The copy before us is not numbered, and is not signed by Mr. Coppard, unless he has used invisible ink; it is, therefore, presumably either not a copy of the book it professes to be, or more than 650 copies have been printed. It is a most amusing work, for Mr. Schwartz has been lucky enough to get Mr. Coppard's collaboration, and he writes with a modesty and humour that make the book almost too entertaining for a bibliography. Particularly pleasant is his record of a retort to a lady who sent him a book asking him to write a statement on his favourite character in it.

> I wrote something like the following in it, "If you will have the goodness to cut all the yet unopened pages you will find about 70,000 wisely printed words of mine about *all* my characters, but my favourite is the one whose name appears only on the title page." I was not even thanked for that valuable pleasantry—but I daresay the book has a different owner now.

Almost we are tempted to send him this copy!

A Woman's Utopia. By "A DAUGHTER OF EVE." Benn. 3s. 6d.

This is a slight and disappointing excursion into world-making. The idea of a Utopia planned, for a change, by woman is so promising that it is a pity to see it wasted on so scrappy a sketch. Strictly speaking, this is not a Utopia at all. There is here none of the free and thorough-going idealism of the thinker who constructs his own community, whether on ardent or satiric lines. Yet it is not so practical, either, as to grapple usefully with existent problems. The author has "notions" rather than imagination or constructive power. Some of the notions are bright, as, for instance, the School for Exceptions, where the children who could not book-learn may be educated by practical demonstration and experience. Other notions, such as the prevention of wars by

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means of national envelopment in clouds, are very naïve. And there is a vague, high-handed tossing off of difficulties, as in the random announcement that everybody will have employment; "the Government must supply these jobs." Religion is dealt with in a humdrum moral talk capped by advice to the good wife to change for dinner and have fresh gay flowers. Men are to discuss foreign affairs and finance, women to debate about the home and family. The fact is, this Utopia exists already. It is nothing more nor less than the daily paper, of which "A Daughter of Eve" is running the Women's Page.

Men and Buildings. By JOHN GLOAG. Country Life. 8s. 6d.

All lovers of seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century architecture will enjoy Mr. Gloag's tempestuous and entertaining attacks on Gothic revivals, utilitarian experiments and bungaloid excrescences. But like all who have ever written, except, of course, academically, upon comparative architecture he allows his enthusiasms and his distastes to run away with him. Of course, there is Nash's Regent Street, our belated love for which is becoming a positive embarrassment, but apart from that what particular splendour has vanished from London during the recent outbreak of destruction and rebuilding? The new Underground offices at Queen Anne's Gate may displease you, but if you really loved the buildings they displaced it is safe to say that you never told your love. Kingsway is not a compact of loveliness, but neither was the neighbourhood its coming swept away. In the country, of course, Mr. Gloag is on firmer ground; but the economic housing of the poor and comparatively poor was an easier matter in the time when Chipping Campden rose from its native stone.

About Motoring

MOTOR CARAVAN HOLIDAYS

THE ideal motoring holiday unquestionably takes a go-as-you-please form, the daily distances and the selection of night stopping places being left to the mood of the moment. This programme involves two difficulties. The first is that of cost, soluble by the wealthy, but prohibitive to the poor. There is no more expensive method of living than to spend each night in a different hotel, and to buy lunch and tea along the road at a variety of restaurants and cafés. In the months when motoring is at its pleasantest over the British Isles, hotel charges by the week or month are sufficiently heavy: they are naturally much higher when the guest tarries but a portion of a day. Moreover, there is no guarantee that beds will be obtainable at will in July, August and September. I once left Aberdeen with the intention of lounging down to London in leisurely fashion, and when I grew weary of the wheel, the search for a bed developed into a positive nightmare. I eventually slept in rather indifferent quarters at Doncaster, which was a good hundred miles farther than I had any desire to drive. Some of the pleasantest counties—Cornwall, for example—contain remarkably few untenanted beds in August: and a casual tourist who began to hunt for a room near Lands End in a sunny August might easily end by parking his car on some handy spit of turf, and sleeping in it. So the caravan attracts for the twin reasons of economy and peacefulness.

There are two main systems of caravanning, plus a third and rather bastard application of the hobby. The commonest method is to hire a towable caravan and attach it to the tail of the car. The hire charges look heavy, but show a saving of at least 50 per cent. by contrast with the cost of putting up at second-class hotels. The drawbar is affixed by the caravan people in a couple of hours, and automatically applies powerful brakes on the caravan wheels whenever the van threatens to overtake the car. These vans are admirably equipped, and extremely comfortable. They suffer from but one drawback, that they are apt to be noisy in rain or hail, as their taut bodies are resonant. Speeds up to thirty-five miles an hour are perfectly safe. Steering is automatic, as the van obediently trails after the car and follows its course. It is necessary to remember that the van is normally rather wider than the motorcar, and to avoid narrow gaps in traffic; and to avoid situations in which reversing is desirable. Reversing with a trailer is next to impossible; and in extreme cases the unwary driver must uncouple the van and turn it separately by hand. The driver will probably feel a little nervous for the first twenty miles, but his qualms will evaporate completely after the first hour. The dragging effect is surprisingly small, and any standard car will take a van of the suitable size anywhere in reason. Climbing is perhaps one gear worse, hills which demand second gear compelling a change down to first when the van is attached. Cooling is not perceptibly affected.

The finest method of caravanning is to build a van body on a cheap secondhand car chassis, any car of 12 h.p. or over being suitable. It is possible to buy suitable chassis for £50 or so. The equipped van body will cost perhaps £200. Tax and insurance have to be paid in addition, if only for the summer months. This system is, therefore, expensive, though I have known owners who kept the costs within reason by chartering their vans to other road users. The only economical method of practising this system is to use interchangeable bodies, and use the car with a saloon body for the rest of the year. The third or bastard system is little practised, largely because it is really applicable to two travellers only. It demands a special car with the front seats designed to fold down flat, so that the occupants can sleep in the car. Whilst the car is on the move, the stern compartment is packed with bedding, cooking utensils, stores, and the like. Some of the baggage is turned out at night, and either stored in a collapsible tent, or placed beneath the car. Blinds to all windows are desirable under this policy. A young couple of my acquaintance modified a standard motorcar for a honeymoon on this principle, and awoke one morning to find a knot of grinning Welsh shepherds peering into their sleeping chamber with intense interest. It is, of course, equally possible to store a tent and camping equipment in the stern sheets of a full-bodied car, two persons only travelling on the trip. The merits of the last two systems are that in each case the moving portions of the trip constitute genuine motoring, whereas with a towed van the driving is necessarily sedate, and the rate of progress slow. Moreover, with a broad trailer many of the most attractive lanes are taboo, since passing other traffic may be impossible. This applies equally to the deep cuttings of Devon and Cornwall and to many moorland routes in Scotland. Women almost always prefer the use of a van, as it will contain a Valor Perfection stove with a proper oven. Touring with a saloon car, with or without a tent, entails dependence on a Primus stove, and the average woman becomes rather helpless at cooking when she is deprived of her oven. Caravanners and campers should study the tinned goods list of a first-class store, as a great many delicacies are now obtainable in tinned form. Hunger is such an excellent sauce that the open-air holiday maker seldom makes any complaint about his food, unless it be in respect of quantity. But tourists do not wish to spend much of their precious time in cooking.

The physical effects of such a holiday are astonishing; one remembers the City men under canvas in their army training during the Great War. I have never read a medical analysis of the invigoration thus obtained. Possibly the main effect is due to sleeping out of doors: but it is quite incredible on first acquaintance. If the weather breaks and remains obstinately bad, it is always possible to garage the van at some holiday centre where concerts and other amenities are accessible, and to recant temporarily in favour of the conventional inn.

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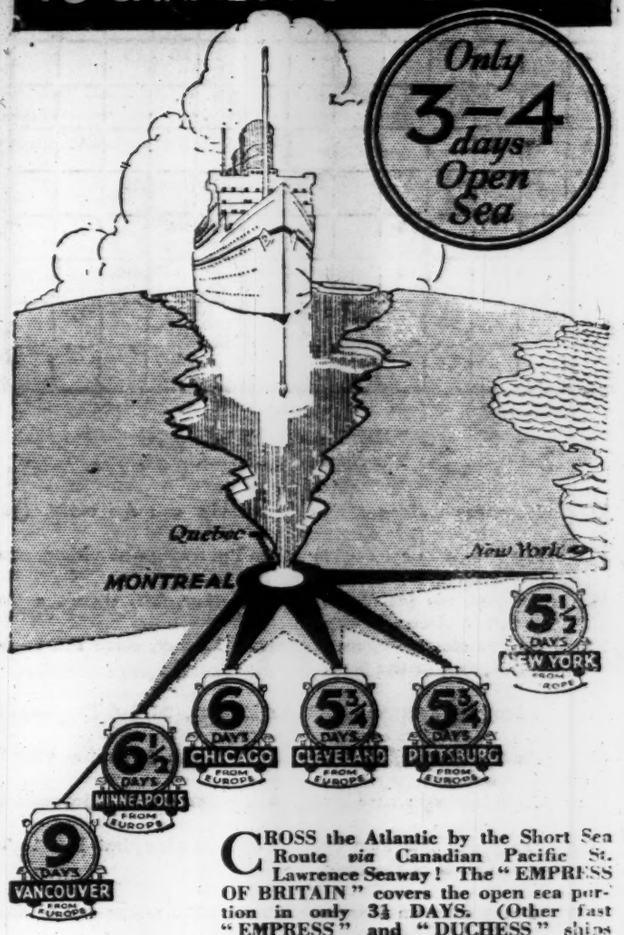
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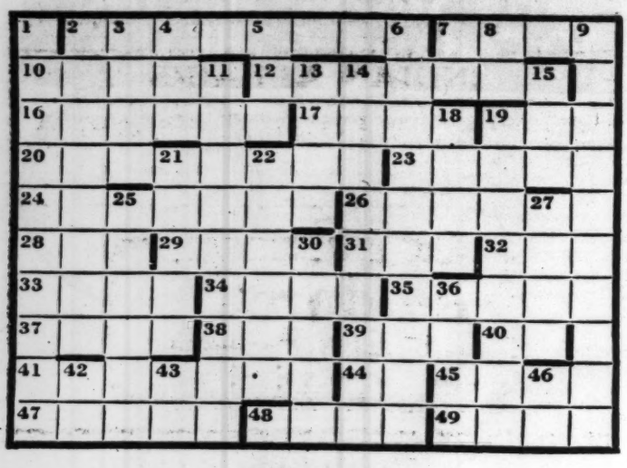
PLAYTIME

BY CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



THE MAY QUEEN.

The clues are italicised.

ACROSS

2. If you're *waking* (7) call me *early*, call me early, (10) *Mother* (12) *dear*;
16. My *grape-like* eyes—(17) unless I'm *wrong*—at visions new shall peer.
19. *Through* me (*as Cicero says*), Mother, (20) there's *a tree that blooms* to-day,
23. So I'm *almost—almost—at peace*, Mother, since I'm to be Queen of the May.

24. There's an *empress* I could be, Mother, (26) but *I've found it* no great catch,
28. As the *fruit of electrolysis* (29) brings forth the *urge to scratch*;
31. And *half my senses* leave me (32) like *a rodent* drowned at play—
33 *rev.* *O'erpower* (34) *Tom Cobley's wife*, Mother, but I'm to be Queen of the May.

35. I was over on *Tuesday in Paris* (37) where *one of those great lakes* lies
38 *rev.* And a *jar* (39) of the plant *Avena* was emptied before my eyes;
40. 'Twas *the end* of *Louis Seize*, Mother, (41) as the *sexton* knows full well—
44. My *age may not be known*, Mother, (45) but there's *college* lads could tell!
47 *rev.* And *seated* there *at the Tuileries*, (48) 'neath the *headless prophet*'s sway,
49. I *mingled* my *tears* with theirs, Mother, for I'm to be Queen of the May.

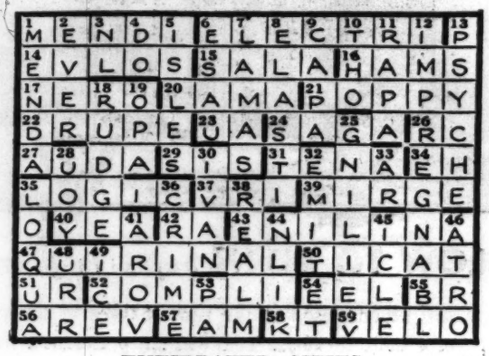
DOWN

1. There's *many a dark* dark face, Mother, (2) no *underlord* denies;
3. *Likewise* (4) *a King* has marvelled at the darkness of their eyes;
5. *Pounds* (6) from *a Grand Inquisitor* (7) this *version* might delay—
8. That *each does a short-arm balance*, since I'm to be Queen of the May.

9. *Encouraging* their *words*, Mother, (11) *where still Romance is kind*,
13. But beyond the *fiery mountain* (14) *th' repellent ore* they'll find.
15. 'Tis there *the notorious sands* are—(18) they must *go some other way*;
19. *Minstrels, the jelly's ruined*—but I'm to be Queen of the May.

21. *Up, then* (22) and let's *with Ion* make *inroad*—sound the Horn!
25. *Games* (27) for *the Beak*—(30) *he's muddled the Bicester with the Quorn.*
36. *Turn up the second letter*, Mother; (42, 43) give *affectation* sway—
46. *Inside of noon* they'll crown me, for I'm to be Queen of the May.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



EXTIRPATED CITIES

ALONSO'S ACROSTIC

NUTRIA
ARARAT
TOSH
INCLINE
ONION
NIAGARA
AGAPE
NROCINU
DUM—DUM

Notes. Tosh=Host. On-I-on. A-gape.

BRIDGE

BY CALIBAN.

I have received from Mr. F. C. Benham (well known in Contract circles under his pen-name of "Fourchette") an interesting criticism of my Illustrative Hand No. III. Herein, it will be recalled, at the score Game-all, North dealt and passed, East passed, and South bid One Heart, holding:

♠10, 7 ♥A K, 9, 8, 5 ♦A K, 4, 2 ♣6, 3

North raised his partner to Two Hearts, whereupon South bid Four. My argument was that:

"South now knows exactly where he stands. If Hearts are trumps, he can bank on four probable tricks from partner. His own hand is worth, roughly, six. He can therefore bid Four Hearts."

North's hand was as follows:

♠6, 4 ♥Q, 10, 3, 2 ♦7, 3 ♣A J, 5, 4, 2.

Mr. Benham's letter is too long to quote in full. His main points, however, are as follows:

"Give North one more Diamond and one less Club and only Three Hearts can be made. Give him the King of Spades or the King of Clubs instead of the Ace of Clubs, and, if the corresponding Ace is held by East, again only Three Hearts can be made. Make both these changes and only Two Hearts can be made. Yet in all of these cases North would bid Two Hearts, so that if South followed Caliban's advice he would lose 100 or perhaps 300 points instead of gaining a valuable partial score. . . .

"In Contract, it is a far, far better thing to make a certain Two or Three than to try for a doubtful Four."

Mr. Benham therefore would bid *Three* Hearts on South's hand, leaving North to raise the bid to Four.

The point is an interesting one; but I stand by my original advice. As I have repeatedly urged, a risk is worth running where there is an *expectation* of gain. South's hand is too strong to justify his leaving the final raise to North. Once the original declarer's suit has been supported by partner, the bidding should be based on a *quantitative* evaluation of strength, and it is pusillanimous of South, with a double raise in his hand, to throw the final responsibility on to North.

The player whose bids never fail is a certain loser.

RNLI

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(EDITOR: R. PALME DUTT.)

Notes of the Month—INDIA; H. Rathbone—THE I.L.P. and 'MOSCOW' METHODS; 'Railworker'—REVOLT ON THE RAILWAYS; Allen Hutt—'DISARMAMENT' AND THE COMING WAR; Lieut. D. Scheringer—FROM FASCISM TO COMMUNISM; G. Padmore—LABOUR IMPERIALISM AND EAST AFRICA; Book Reviews and other articles.

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